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No. 2.

A TALK ABOUT THE COLLEGE,

BETWEEN PASTOR, CANDIDATE, AND DEACON.

BY REV. F. H. MARLING.

*Deacon.*—Good morning, Pastor. I have brought this young man to see you. He has been thinking about giving himself to the Ministry, but does not know much about the preparatory studies he will have to go through, and we thought you could give us all information.

*Pastor.*—Very glad to see you on such an errand. We want young men for the work, and I am always thankful when such come forward from my own charge. The first question, of course, is as to our young friend being called of God unto this work. We must talk over that very carefully at some other time. But I understand your special errand to-day is to inquire in regard to the educational part of the subject.

*Candidate.*—Precisely so, sir; I have thought over the other question a great deal, and prayed over it too; and I think I see what my duty is; but I have always intended to seek your counsel before coming to a final decision. It will help me very much, however, if you would be kind enough to tell me what is the course of study at college.

*P.*—With pleasure; and as I passed through the institution myself, and feel a deep interest in it, I presume I can inform you pretty accurately. The college course, however, is not precisely the same now as in former years. Once it extended through three sessions of nine months each; then it was prolonged to four of eight months; now the full course consists of five sessions of between seven and eight months each. If, however, a student has already taken a degree, or is sufficiently advanced in his general education, or is too old to take the full course, he can enter the theological course, which consists of but three sessions.

*D.*—Five years! Why, that seems a very long time, Pastor, for a young man to spend in preparing to tell the simple story of the cross!

*C.*—That is just what I was thinking. The very idea is discouraging. I want to go to work at once. Is there not some "short cut" into the ministry?

*P.*—Oh, yes! You have only to persuade some ignorant and inexperienced church to give you a "call," after listening to a few fluent discourses, and seeing that you are "a nice, good young man," and two or three good-natured ministers to come together and ordain you, and the thing is done; you come forth a full-blown "reverend gentleman!" Only don't ask me to be one of the two or three, for I will have nothing to do with it. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," said Paul; and I have seen too much of this hasty ordination to take part in it again.

*C.*—Well, sir, of course you know best; but you will excuse my saying just what I think.

P.—By all means ; I have gone through it all myself. But I can tell you this, that if I had only known then what I know now, and could have my time for preparation over again, you would not find me hurrying through any short course, if I could take a full one. But let me tell you more particularly what the full course in our college is. The first two sessions are given, almost entirely, to literary studies, and these are pursued in McGill College ; the third and fourth partly to literary and partly to theological branches ; and the fifth and last, to theological subjects alone.

C.—And what examination have I to pass before entering on this full course ?

P.—You are thinking now, I understand, about the literary examination, are you not, for of course that is not the only one ; the College Board make very careful inquiries as to the Christian character, and promise of usefulness, of every candidate ?

C.—That I should expect ; but it *was* the literary examination that I had in mind just now.

P.—Well, the rule is, that candidates for the full course shall pass the ordinary matriculation examination at McGill College. In fact, our students regularly enter themselves as students in the Arts Faculty at McGill, and are dealt with precisely in the same manner as any other young men who come up.

C.—And what are the subjects on which these matriculants are examined ?

P.—The *Calendar* of McGill College gives the following : Latin Grammar, Greek Grammar, and one easy Latin and one easy Greek author ; Arithmetic Algebra to simple equations, and Euclid, books I to III ; and in English, writing from dictation.

At the same time, you should know that the mere list of books gives very little idea of what an actual examination is. Some colleges may make a pretence of higher scholarship, by giving a long list of books ; whereas, the questions asked upon them may be very easy. For instance, I have heard of an examination in Hebrew, at Oxford too, but long ago, where the only question asked was, "What is the Hebrew for the *place of a skull* ?" Every reader of the Bible knows, of course, that it is *Golgotha* ; and a man could pass such an examination without having seen the inside of a Hebrew Bible, or knowing the shape of a single Hebrew letter. As far as McGill College is concerned, I have been credibly informed that the examination is not at all severe in practice, and that more regard is had to the capacity manifested by the candidate than to his actual attainments ; in other words, to the quality of the diamond, though in the rough, than to the polish put upon it.

C.—Then, with such an education as I have already received, and some special preparation, I might hope to pass ?

P.—I think so ; but on this point, and throughout, let me earnestly warn you against the error so commonly entertained among young men, that the great object is to "get through,"—as though College Examiners were enemies who had to be circumvented in some way ; and as though ever so tight a squeezing into the ranks of the B.A.'s should satisfy the aspirations of a student. The better prepared you are for your matriculation examination, the more benefit will you derive from every part of the course, both literary and theological.

D.—Really, Pastor, you are "laying it on pretty heavy," as we say. What a time to spend, and what work to undergo ! And what is to be the use of it all ?

P.—My good Deacon, you are a farmer—you know all about raising crops from land in every condition. In working your farm, you are going on precisely the same principle that I advocate for our young friend. It would be a much shorter process, if you were to go into the woods, when all the trees are standing, and sow your wheat on the virgin soil at their feet. But you think it worth while to cut out the underbrush, to fell the trees, and to burn all up, that you may sow on open ground. And when you are breaking up a new fallow, you go through a great amount of work again, in tearing out stumps and burning, clearing off stone,

ploughing the rough ground, harrowing again and again, before you put in your seed. And year after year, you have your summer fallow, keeping a fine field idle for a season, and toiling away at it with plough and cultivator and harrow, content to wait till yet another fall for your crop. Now, if I was to remonstrate against this, as throwing away time and toil, you would very soon tell me that "what I know about farming" was very little indeed. You know that all this outlay and patience will *pay*, in the end.

*D.*—If you can show me how all that young men learn in college is to help them in preaching, as my clearing and working the land helps the crop, that would be something to the point, and I should be very much obliged to you. But I can't see it now; and I am quite sure that if our young friend comes back to quote Latin and Greek and Hebrew from the pulpit, and to preach mathematics and philosophy and all the 'ologies, it won't do plain men like me much good.

*C.*—I am sure, Pastor, if I could only see that these things were necessary, or even helpful and desirable, I should not grudge the time required for them.

*P.*—I shall very willingly give you what aid I can in making the matter clear. But first, I want you to observe the general fact that in every church the demand for an educated ministry is becoming stronger and stronger. The Roman Catholics put their priests through a very long and careful training. The Episcopalians—who have been remiss in special theological education—are now earnestly supplying the defect, while maintaining the former requirement that a clergyman, as a rule, must be a university graduate. The Presbyterians have always kept up a high standard in this respect, and owe their great influence and cohesiveness very much to it, in Britain, the United States and Canada. The Methodists are rapidly adopting the system of Theological Schools, in addition to the four years' probation and annual examination of their "preachers on trial." The Baptists, among some sections of whom there was a prejudice against "human learning," but whose leading men have held strong views in favour of thorough culture, are all coming round to the same views. And thus every denomination that believes in the Ministry as a divinely-instituted office in the Church of Christ, is of one mind on this matter. Among ourselves, the Congregationalists of Old England or of New England, there never has been but one sentiment on the subject. Our great nonconforming forefathers, Owen, Howe, and Calamy, and their illustrious contemporaries, were among the most eminent scholars of their time. When the Pilgrim Fathers came to America, next to the church they planted the school, and soon after the school came the college. There is no more affecting incident in their early history, than the meeting together of their ministers—university men themselves—as at Harvard and Yale, and bringing each a few books from their scanty shelves to form the nucleus of the libraries of those great seats of learning. So, at the present day, in England and in America, the cry is louder than ever for a thoroughly trained ministry. Now, surely, this body of testimony, from so many different sources, through a long period of time, on the part of "experts" on this subject, ought to command great respect.

*D.*—That I can't deny. I am not sure if I knew all these facts before; or, if I did, gave them sufficient consideration. But I'm not entirely satisfied yet. Were not the apostles "unlearned and ignorant men?" Was not John Bunyan a common tinker? Did Mr. Spurgeon ever go to college? And are there not numbers of ministers, of our own and other bodies, who are doing a great deal of good, though not "College-bred" men? Would you shut up their mouths till they have gone to college and taken a degree?

*P.*—"Shut up their mouths!" God forbid! I go with you all the way in acknowledging their personal excellence and their ministerial efficiency. I am very far from thinking that there is only one way into the pulpit, and that through a college. I believe that God, in His all-wise sovereignty, has called, and still calls, many a man direct from the farm and the workshop into the ministry. But let us look at your own examples. First, the apostles. Who called them "unlearned

and ignorant?" The Sanhedrim, with whom nothing was learning but "the traditions of the elders," a mass of Rabbinical rubbish. But remember that these were three years under the training of the Master himself. "He ordained twelve, that they should be with Him," &c. "And when they were alone, He expounded all these things unto the disciples." Could they be called "unlearned and ignorant" after that? Besides, the man who outstripped them all in aggressive labour, and who stands as their confessed prince, by the acclamations of succeeding ages—Paul—was the most highly educated man of the whole company. When God was preparing him for His work, He sent him to the feet of Gamaliel, a learned doctor of the law; just as He had long before ordained that the Prophet of the Jewish dispensation should become "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." As to John Bunyan, thank God for him! And as often as He raises up such tinker-preachers as those, may we have grace to discern His gifts to men! The same would I say of Mr. Spurgeon; yet even of him I venture to say, that, signal as his success has been, he would have avoided much offensive egotism and dogmatism, had he been a better educated man; and that many thoughtful men of his own body, while appreciating highly the practical character of his Metropolitan College, have not a few forebodings as to the results, in the long run, of the training that will be given to the churches by these crude though zealous evangelists. And, finally, the ministers you refer to among ourselves and elsewhere, as being so useful in spite of their educational deficiencies, are the very men who most bitterly deplore their own lack of more thorough preparation. Because a blind man can make baskets, you surely don't contend that it is of no consequence to a basket-maker whether he have eyes or not?

C.—You are making out a strong case, Pastor, on the general argument; but allow me to remind you, that you were about to tell us how all these college studies were to help me in the ministry.

P.—To be sure, so I was, when I branched off into these general considerations. Well, in the McGill College course, you will take up Latin, Greek, the English language, literature, mathematics, history, mental and moral philosophy, and several of the natural sciences, such as chemistry, geology, botany, &c.

D.—Well, my lad, there's some work before you; but let us hear what the minister has to say about the value of all these things. We don't know so much about them as he does, and we must not be too hasty, I find.

P.—Thank you, Deacon; there is great pleasure in dealing with a sincere and candid mind like yours. I am sure you want to see what is true, and to do what is right. To come to the point, then. In the first place, there is a great deal of importance to be attached to what may be called the general and liberal education of a minister's mind. If you were ever at a tool-factory— one so complete and extensive that they take in a bar of iron at one end, and turn out a scythe at the other—you would see that, before they began to shape the iron into the right curve and edge for cutting grain, it was put through a great many processes, by which the iron was converted into steel. Once made into steel, it could be worked into a tool of any sort, according to the maker's fancy. But you could make neither saw, nor scythe, nor chisel, nor razor, out of the original iron. So, the general education a young man receives in what is called the "Arts Faculty" of a college, together with others who intend to study Law, Medicine, Engineering, or any other profession, gives him the general cultivation that ought to precede the special education for his special calling—converts the iron into steel, in short. Any one who enters directly on theological studies, without this previous preparation, is under very great disadvantages at every step—is as one half-blind, or deaf, or scarcely able to read. Then, remember that a minister is specially set apart as a public teacher. He invites all the people to come to hear him, young and old, educated and ignorant. He speaks to them on the highest of all subjects—a subject that touches every other within the circle of human knowledge. He addresses people who are themselves intelligent, many of them well-educated, many more thinking and reading continually, receiving the thoughts of various

able men, through their tongues or pens. His young hearers especially are enjoying the advantages of the national provision for Public Education so liberally made throughout the Dominion. "The schoolmaster is abroad." Periodicals and books go everywhere. Now tell me, what respect or confidence can a man expect, addressing such a community, if he displays palpable and egregious ignorance every time he opens his mouth; if he provokes the school children to laughter by his abuse of the Queen's English; if every man or woman that has had a liberal education detects him in perpetual errors on matters of common information; and if conversation with him only reveals further deficiencies? Again, we must remember that this is a day in which there is a great amount of questioning as to religious matters; that the most elementary truths are doubted or denied—such as the Being of God, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Immortality of the Soul; that such doubts or denials are advanced in the name of Science or of History; that a man cannot even understand the point of a sceptical objection without some training in these departments; that a glib apostle of false doctrine may therefore put him to an open shame, and enquirers find that he can give them no satisfaction. It is impossible for a man to know too much, who has to deal with religious truth in such a day as ours. But once more: Were our lot cast in different times, it would still be true that the Bible is an old book, written in two dead languages, containing a great deal of history of obscure peoples and periods, with allusions to strange manners, remote places, and unfamiliar climates, that the teachings of that book have been variously interpreted, and have become the subjects of fierce controversies, at every point, whether of doctrine, duty, or discipline; and that it has to do with all the life of every human being, from the cradle to the grave, and with the mysterious life beyond the grave! Believe me, my good Deacon, and you, my young aspirant to the sacred office, that there are times when the responsibilities of this position come home to us who are in it with overwhelming power!

*C.*—I have heard enough, Deacon, to satisfy me that if I am to enter on this great work, I must not rush hastily into it. I am very glad that I have heard the matter put to me in this way thus early in my course. I do not feel discouraged; but I will take time, and not spare myself in work.

*D.*—Well, my lad, I believe you're right. And I am very glad, for my own sake, that we have had this conversation. I am sure that very few persons know how much our ministers have to think of. If you will allow us, Pastor, we will call again, and go more fully into this College Course some other day.

*P.*—By all means. Good day to you both.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

BY REV. W. F. CLARKE.

It is not my purpose at this time to write a sketch of the life, or a detail of the labours of the late Mr. Binney. To some extent this has been already done by others, and, notwithstanding a reported prohibition of it by the deceased, will no doubt be done before long very fully in a memoir. I have rather in view the jotting down of a few personal reminiscences of the great and good man, with which will naturally be interwoven some observations concerning his character, talents, and work.

There lingers a faint recollection of him among the memories of my boyhood as one of those superior and almost superhuman beings, to whom I looked up with a reverence very near akin to worship; but I was too young then to have any discriminating perception of men or things. It was during his visit to this country in 1845, that I first became really acquainted with Thomas Binney. As the chief founder of the Colonial Missionary Society, he took a deep interest in the struggles connected with the introduction and progress of Congregationalism

here. He was present at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union held that year in Guelph, and rendered important aid in disposing of some matters of extreme delicacy and difficulty connected with the early history of the body in this country. I shall never forget the sermon he preached on that occasion. The text was in Jer. x. 21, "The pastors are become brutish and have not sought the Lord; therefore they shall not prosper, and all their flocks shall be scattered." It was a most earnest and faithful exhibition of the connection between ministerial prayerfulness and ministerial success, and I remember very distinctly as the crowning passage in the discourse, a graphic account of the effects resulting from a decline in the spirit of prayer on the part of a minister. He delineated with a master hand the way in which formalism, professionalism and heartlessness would steal in upon a man, robbing his experience of its life, and his ministry of its power; creating an ill-concealed dissatisfaction among his congregation, and thinning the ranks of his hearers, until utter discouragement would come upon him, and failure be the history of his ministry. Another very valuable recollection of this visit is associated with a conversation on the "five points" on which Calvinists and Arminians are at issue. Mr. Binney was a moderate Calvinist, and a warm admirer of Rev. Richard Watson, author of "Watson's Institutes," the standard work on Wesleyan Theology. He thought "Payne on Divine Sovereignty," a work of much note among Congregationalists, failed in its appreciation of Mr. Watson personally, and of his arguments, and expressed his belief that the Wesleyan divine had made the most important contribution to a fair and impartial discussion of the much-vexed subject that had ever issued from the press. He dropped a remark on the passage in Romans commencing with "Whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate," which I have never lost sight of, and which I have many a time fallen back upon amid perplexing thoughts on this momentous and mysterious subject. It was to the effect that there was between divine foreknowledge and predestination a connecting link which controversialists ought to be more concerned to find, or if they could not find it, they ought to recognize its existence, and make allowance for its influence. There was evidently something foreknown on which predestination was based. It might not be the foreseen repentance and faith of the Christian, but if not that, it was something far more satisfactory to the divine mind as a foundation for the elective purpose. If we did not know what it was, yet to be aware that there was an intelligent and adequate reason for the divine purpose robbed it of the apparent arbitrariness, which to many people was almost the sole reason for rejecting the doctrine of election as taught by Augustine and Calvin.

On my visit to England in 1861, to lay before the Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society the facts of the case concerning the Vancouver Island Negro Pew difficulty, I found a most righteous and impartial judge in Mr. Binney. His clear mind grasped the whole case with amazing exactitude, and to him, mainly, we were indebted for the subsequent action of the committee by which the rights of the coloured people were effectually vindicated.

During that visit I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Binney on a Saturday afternoon, just as he had returned to the city after an absence of some days. I cannot resist the temptation to be a little gossipy in regard to part of our conversation on that occasion. Mr. Binney asked where I was going next morning. I replied to the King's Weigh House Chapel. "What do you expect to get there?" he inquired. "A good sermon," I said. "You'll get nothing of the sort," he exclaimed. "I've been out of town all the week, and have a pile of letters that must be answered this very evening, and I've no idea yet what even my text will be to-morrow morning. Now, if you want to hear a good sermon, go and hear my friend Raleigh, of Canonbury, but don't come to the Weigh House, for you'll get nothing worth hearing. Besides," he added, "I've an ugly habit of calling on ministerial brethren to preach, when I see them in the congregation, if I feel out of sorts." I replied that I had an ugly habit of not always coming when called in that manner, and that having heard him preach some good

sermons, I would run my risk for once of hearing a poor one. I went, and Mr. Binney was in one of his best veins for extemporizing—had the fullest mastery of himself and of his subject—and was more simple, natural and eloquent than I ever heard him on any other occasion. It would not have been surprising if he had preached a poor sermon. He was fitful, uncertain and irregular. No clock can always strike twelve, and men of genius and great parts are apt sometimes to do very slenderly and poorly. Mr. Binney was quite aware of this. He remarked once to my father, "Mr. Clarke, I can preach the best and the worst sermon of any man in London." During my visit he arranged a day's preaching on behalf of the Colonial Missionary Society, and requested me to speak once with special reference to Canada. I did my best to set forth the features and claims of Canadian Congregationalism, and after service, Mr. Binney expressed his appreciation of the sermon in very kind and flattering terms, and compelled me to give him the notes of it, for "speech thunder" in advocating the cause of Colonial Missions.

A prayer-meeting address I heard from him on a week evening about that time, made a deep impression on my mind. It was on trial, chiefly based on the well-known hymn beginning—

" 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross."

Commenting on one of the verses, he remarked that love was inscribed in letters of gold on every dark cloud, though we could not always make out the inscription. The efforts of a feeble faith to spell out the letters of the word "love" were beautifully described, as well as the effect of the full shining forth of the blessed inscription, like the clear shining out of the sun after a storm.

But I must not protract this paper. I had no idea the few reminiscences I proposed would fill so much space, and must stop rather abruptly, dubious whether to leave this fragmentary article as an imperfect and unfinished wreath of honour, or to try and weave it into better shape hereafter. You, Mr. Editor, may be disposed, perhaps, to decide that point.

Beside many sweet remembrances of his thorough Christian simplicity, and real greatness, I have in my library a set of his works, each inscribed with his own hand, and containing his autographs. I have also three likenesses of him—one as I saw him in my boyhood, a second as he was in 1845, and a third when "old and grey-headed." Very precious are they all.—*London Advertiser.*

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## "BROTHER MOODY."

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

In the old Chicago, before the cow kicked over the kerosene lamp, and before theatre-preaching and Patton had helped Swing to his well-deserved fame, the religious life of that city had two poles—Robert Collyer and Dwight L. Moody. Both were representative Chicagoans, self-made, self-reliant, tireless, hopeful. But no two men could be more unlike in their tastes and sympathies. Mr. Collyer is a poet and seer, with a genius for literature. Mr. Moody, a man utterly practical and matter-of-fact, with a genius for affairs. If there was any red rag that would rouse the wrath of the preacher of Unity Church, in the days before the fire, it was Mr. Moody's energetic efforts at "soul-saving." And if there was ever anything that the ruling spirit of the great noon prayer meeting dreaded, it was the sentimental heresy of Robert Collyer. I doubt not each of them admired the other's ability, but neither of them had catholicity enough to understand how much of benevolence and Christian feeling they had in common. *Bêtes noirs* though they were to one another, Chicago would not have been Chicago



without them. And now that both of them have attained greater fame, I doubt if either of them will forgive me for coupling him with the other in this paragraph.

I cannot profess any great admiration for "Evangelists" as a class. From Mattit and Jacob Knapp down, I think most of them men of something below the highest type of Christian manhood. Notwithstanding the good which some of them unquestionably accomplish among men not susceptible to higher arguments than those which they use, the travelling revivalist is often useful only because he travels. I know of one or two notable cases at least in which the revivalist's personal influence is in inverse ratio to the length of time beyond a fortnight that he spends in a place. But Moody grew upon Chicago with every year he remained there. When he first gave up his place as clerk in a shoe store, at a salary of twelve hundred a year, and determined to "work for Jesus" and "live by faith," he was dubbed "Crazy Moody," and the name stuck to him many years. But when the little class of rag-a-muffins in North Market Hall grew to the well-appointed Illinois Street Mission, and when the Christian Association under his leadership became one of the ruling powers, and when Farewell Hall rose the second time, Chicago began to appreciate him. He was "Crazy Moody" no longer. Chicago likes vitality. The newspapers promoted him to "Brother Moody," and the title adheres to him yet. A house was given him rent free, his friends furnished it, and the most eminent artists painted his own and his wife's portraits for him. Always proud of a unique possession, Chicago became boastful of Brother Moody, and ranked him with her elevators, her water-tunnel, her hotels that went up on jackscrews, and her Robert Collyer. To this list of unquities she has since added the fire and David Swing.

Moody's improvement in reputation was partly the offspring of a very genuine improvement in his own intellectual character, and in his methods. He was like almost all young men of real power, imitative at the start. He adopted from others cant phrases and speeches. His catechism always began with one question: "Are you a Christian?" He was once asked to tea in a village in Michigan by a lady who was anxious that her husband, a leading lawyer, should be brought under Mr. Moody's influence. "Are you a Christian, Mr. Blank?" asked Mr. Moody. "I think I am," answered the lawyer. "How about yourself, now, Mr. Moody?"

I have heard Moody tell how, while in the Christian Commission service, he once propounded his favourite question to a Tennessee planter. But as the man was deaf, his repeated vociferation of "Are you a Christian?" failed to bring a reply. Turning to the black man who stood by, he asked, "Is your master a Christian?" "No, massa, he's a Presbyterian!" That was before Professor Patton's day.

It was not uncommon in those days for Mr. Moody to assail suddenly, a strange young man, with this point blank query. Of course he soon became noted for his zeal and eccentricity. A young man from the country, who had held a situation in the city for just three weeks, was thus accosted by him in the street. "Are you a Christian?" He replied: "It's none of your business." "Yes, it is." "Then you *must* be D. L. Moody," said the stranger.

"Madam," said Moody to an Irish woman, "won't you go to church, to-night?" "An' whose is it? is it Moody's church?" "No, it's God's church, but Moody goes there." "Troth, thin I won't go. I'll go to hear an eddicated man, but I won't go to hear an ould blacksmith like Moody." With that she began to charge Moody with divers crimes, not knowing to whom she spoke. "You'd better be careful," said he, presently, "my name's Moody." "Tut! tut," said she, with Irish dexterity and effrontery, "I know'd Moody afore you was borr'n."

Moody belonged to the Executive Committee of the State Sunday-school Association at one time, and gave us much trouble by breaking up a county convention now and then, and turning it into a revival meeting, thus upsetting a deal of nice machinery. At Pontiac, Illinois, there was a revival that swept the county. Even all the lawyers joined the churches, and the court had to adjourn at ten

minutes before twelve to attend noon prayer meeting. The revival was begun by Moody sweeping through the town on a muddy day and talking to every man, woman, and child he met. Approaching a crowd of politicians, he heard one of them say of a proposed nomination: "I think that would carry the county." "My friend," interrupted he, "We want to carry this county for the Lord Jesus Christ." The politician, with a westerner's pride about taking a joke, slapped Moody on the shoulder, burst into a laugh, and cried out: "I am with you there, old fellow." But Moody's words became the watchword of a very remarkable religious movement, and I doubt not the county is better for having once been carried for Christ.

But Mr. Moody has grown wiser. He has pared away some of his eccentricities. He has improved his mind by study—not very broad, but diligent. He has grown in modesty. The real sincerity of the man is his power. He knows nothing about oratory; but he is vigorous, direct, and often exceedingly eloquent, bearing all before him by a resistless momentum. His theory is, that a man can be useful "if he will only get down low enough for God to work through him." His creed is stiffly Calvinistic, and he often presents doctrines in a way offensive to thoughtful people; but he is better than his creed, and he does not hold it intolerantly, except, perhaps, towards such "outside barbarians" as Unitarians, spiritualists, and what not. There was once an out-and-out-come-outer of some sort who persisted in interrupting the noon prayer meetings and street preaching. His effrontery surpassed even Mr. Moody's, and he was so persistent that Moody, whose patience was sorely tried, could not put him down. At the close of the noon meeting, as Mr. Moody stood shaking hands with his people, there came along this obstreperous radical. After a moment of hesitancy Moody stretched out his hand, thinking aloud as follows: "I suppose if Jesus Christ could eat the sacrament with Judas Iscariot, I ought to shake hands with you."

His greatest strength lies in the management of men. He is not a first-rate organizer, but he is a born leader. Perhaps no other revivalist could have overcome the strong Scotch prejudice as he has. Soon after he built Illinois Street Mission, the Irish Catholic boys got into the habit of stoning the windows. Moody went to see the Catholic Bishop Duggan about it. The bishop spoke admiringly of Mr. Moody's zeal, but regretted that he was not a burning light in the holy mother church. "Perhaps I am wrong," said the latter, "I hope you will pray for me, bishop, that, if wrong, I may be led into truth." The bishop promised, but Moody dropped on his knees, and insisted on having the prayer on the spot. Bishop Duggan knelt and prayed for him, after which Moody as fervently prayed for the bishop. The bishop always afterwards expressed esteem for Mr. Moody, and there were no more stones thrown.

His tact is of the highest order, and such tact, energy, industry, and indomitability must have enriched him if he had used them selfishly. His recent refusal of £1,000, offered him by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, was characteristic. You may think him fanatical. But, at least, he is sincere, self-sacrificing and whole-hearted. The religious life of the whole North-west has felt his influence, and Scotland is now undergoing something like a revolution. For, conservative as he is in doctrine, he is a perfect radical in method. The effective way is always the best with him.

He is not clerical in speech or appearance, and he will never be anything but the greatest lay preacher of our times. They say in Scotland that he speaks the "Chicago dialect." What he does speak is the Western Massachusetts dialect. He pronounces "wholly" as all New Englanders do, and softens the "o" in stone. And he says "suthin'" for something. So also does the Vice-president of the United States, however. But an earnest man is better than a polished man. The leading pulpits in Chicago have for years welcomed "Brother Moody," because he is a man. And what perpetual applications do we find for that saying of Emerson's: "Words have weight when there's a man behind them."—*Christian Union*.

## STORING FOR GOD, AND GIVING TO GOD.

BY REV. JOHN ROSS.

The process of Storing God's portion is of divine origin—"Lay by in store," 1 Cor. xvi. 2. Can any one deny this the force and value of a divine suggestion? But love lifts a suggestion to a prized law of action. If any deny the perpetuated authority on them, of injunctions given to Galatian and Corinthian Christians, what have they remaining at all, either of privilege or obligation? seeing that there is no epistle inscribed to any churches now existing. The Scripture method of storing for God, appears to be necessary for the doing of God's work, in sustaining worship, evangelising mankind, and succouring the needy satisfactorily. Many Christians present weekly offerings at the sanctuary, not storing God's portion, the true Scriptural method. Weekly offering is good, as a convenient way of applying a suitable part of the sacred store to its first claim—divine worship; but without the "storing," the offering proves fitful and insufficient. The whole question rests upon the admission or rejection of God's claim on a part of every one's possessions; and on the employment of a divinely discovered way of securing that this claim shall be met certainly and first—by instantly laying apart that portion, that it may without fail be devoted judiciously to sacred and benevolent purposes. The practice of weekly offering in churches may introduce the thin end of the wedge of storing personally. It is, however, human and unsatisfactory, apart from storing God's portion.

*Storing for God*—is a divine method, with a view to giving easily, pleasantly, and liberally, according to means, whenever needy objects arise. The *storing* is *private* with God alone, in view of His goodness, and of sacred obligation providing for coming demands. The *giving* is *public* in the sight of men; meeting demands according to provision already made for them. "Storing" is a wholesale process of laying in a stock—for the retail process of responding promptly to the wants advanced. "Storing" is accumulating a fund for wise application against times of need—sinking a well for the constant retention of a home supply, instantly available for required use—replenishing a reservoir for a regular system of distribution, and for possible contingencies. "Storing" is of God, insuring and constraining to self-prompted, liberal, cheerful, blissful "giving." "Giving" without "storing" is of man, and while generally small, tardy, and distasteful at best, requires strong and frequent stimulant for even such exercise. "Storing" in contrast to *spending*.—Spending all we have is an animal process—present self-enjoyment. The lowest grades of creatures do that. Sparing, saving some of what we have, is rational. Retention of it for the future is good and noble, being an act of self-denial rather than of self-indulgence. "Storing" for God, in contrast to storing for *ourselves and dependents*.—To "store," to save for ourselves and friends alone, nurtures covetousness and avarice under the cover of a virtue—suitable providence. To "store" for God, as well as for ourselves, cherishes *justice to God*. Providing first for him who is first and essential, and subordinating all other claims to his. It further cherishes *love to God and man*, and presents *undeniable proof* of the same in the constant devotion of the first and best, to a far grander object than the gratification of our poor puny selves.

*Giving to God*.—*Giving* in contrast to *paying*.—Much of even Christian offering soon degenerates into paying. What commences a gift, often goes on as a mere payment of a subscription or a rent. *Paying* and *giving* are opposites. Paying is getting as much commodity for as little cost as practicable. *Giving* is of heart purpose and loving contrivance—providing the fullest offering that ability and prudence allow. As we can never render an equivalent to God for His infinite benefactions to us, let our offerings ever be, at least, the joyfully devoted gifts of love. "*Giving*" to God, in contrast to receiving from Him.—Receiving is an essential act of creature life, and a mark of creature nature. Man receives even

as the inferior creatures, and much more abundantly. *God alone gives absolutely and really.* It is God-like in man to give as he is enabled. God gives man more than he himself wants, that he may have something to give. God prompts man to give. God seeks to train man by means of his own work—"giving" in His own character, spirit, and action, as a *giver*. God honours man by letting *him alone* of creatures give, and give even to Himself. "Ye did it unto me" will be the emphatic commendation of the great Saviour Judge.

The public advocacy of these positions often provokes the almost indignant protest—"This would involve a perfect revolution in Church Finance!" The very thing demanded! The sooner it comes, the better on every ground!! *It is high time for Christians to rise from giving by fashion, to giving of sacred obligation and love, and for Christ's sake.*

How this change would work, learn from the following instances:—A labourer who paid 1s. a quarter, now stores 6d. out of 10s. a week—sixfold increase. A mechanic who paid 1s. 6d. a quarter, now stores 1s. out of 16s. a week—eightfold increase. A clerk who paid £5 out of £200 a year, now stores 8s. a week—fourfold increase. A tradesman who paid £14 out of £500 a year, now stores £70 a year—fivefold increase. A gentleman who paid a tenth of his income, now stores a fifth—twofold increase. Who will say that these givers are injured or pained by their increased givings? *They are the painful payments of duty, changed into the joyful gifts of choice!*

Deeds like these performed by Christians generally would fill the Lord's Treasury for every needful claim—would silence a railing world—and would call forth an agony of heart-travailing faith and prayer, which would soon realize a SECOND GLORIOUS PENTECOST OF BLESSING!!

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## THE MIGHTY SAVIOUR.

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

Christ has the power to remove the ravages of death. In Nain, the widow's only son was on the bier, and his grave was ready. Death had seized and destroyed the strong young man. But Christ's power goes out after this prowling conqueror and brings back his victim at a word. "Young man I say unto thee, arise." And, aroused and thrilled with new life, he sat up and began to speak. We have often wondered what he said! But there is no record of any experience, the widow's sons, or the Marys' brothers, brought back from the unseen realm.

Enough for us to know that Christ Jesus has absolute power over death. He laid down his own life, *and he took it up again!* The wonderful Nazarene, passing by the village of Nain, and meeting the soulless widow in the sad procession to the tomb, flashes sunshine into her heart and into her home, where death had thrown his dismal gloom. Jesus not only wipes away the mourning mother's tears, but removes the cause of her bitter lamentation. Men say, "Weep not," but what can they do? Christ heals the wounded heart by restoring the widow's son. The cold clay kissed but an hour ago for its burial, is warm and aglow again, and the mother embraces him alive and smiling and well!

Christ completely conquers death. He removes its shadows, its evils, and its tears. Every trace of the King of Terrors he utterly destroys. At witnessing his power in Nain, the people were terrified. They felt that God was there. The miracle was so astounding that they who beheld it were dumb with amazement. Strange, rather, that the people should fear so compassionate an act! But a guilty "conscience makes cowards of us all." Jacob thought Bethel—angel-guarded Bethel—a dreadful place, because God was there. Moses hid his face from the Lord; and, once Peter said, with horror, "Depart from me." Men would sooner any one else would come near to them than God—would rather

listen to any other voice than his. Even a merciful manifestation strikes mortals with alarm.

The universal dread of God has moulded much of the malignant theology of the times. It is unforgiven guilt, looking through bare intellect, gauging the Almighty. Conscious fear pictures a Supreme Being neither true to nature nor the gospel. Some systems of divinity crowd up between men and the Saviour, with more of the hideous Moloch in them than of the loving friend. But Jesus of the gospel is arrested by broken sobs, and held to bless, by fallen tears!

The same error accounts for much of the barren atheism of the age. When men merely dread God, and apprehend nothing fatherly in His nature or attributes, then they undertake to argue Him out of existence altogether. Their heads fabricate a theory which shall satisfy their hearts.

There is a wholesome dread of God; but it has its place in harmony with other emotions of the soul. The dread which comes, not of reading the Bible, but of reading false theologies, accounts for much prevalent depravity. For if men loved instead of dreaded God, they would not sin. The soul must delight in the works and in the words of God, to rightly obey and grow. The failure to present the tender character of Jesus,—to set Him forth as the Life, the Truth and the Way,—to preach Him in His life of tears and in His death of blood,—has sad results in men's trembling and blundering and falling as if yet under the Sinai thunders, instead of the Calvary Cross.

Ye ministers of Jesus, commend Him to sinners as the Banisher of Fears, the Healer of Sorrows, the Soother of Anguish, the Conqueror of Death. He is the Deliverer, the Saviour, the Prince of Peace! There is no depth of suffering, nor bitterness of remorse, nor blackness of despair, that He can not instantly reach, relieve and dispel for ever. This is the Divine Redeemer and His power over sin, death, and hell is infinite. Trust Him, O People, and be saved!—*Advance.*

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### RITUALISM.

As seen through Roman Catholic eyes, English Ritualism is not very different from Papacy, the following from *Voce della Verità*, in Rome, showing the points of similarity: "One of the strangest facts certainly is that of the English Ritualists, who style themselves by a ridiculously contradictory name—English Catholics. It is a real comedy, which we are inclined to call sacrilege if it were not excused by the good faith of some, by ignorance and prejudice in others. As it is, they use almost all our rites, and if you enter their churches or are present at their ceremonies, it can be hardly believed that you are not in a Catholic church. The altar which, in England, was once but a naked table, with a cover and a Bible, is now a rich altar, richly decorated with a cover, candlesticks, candles, flowers, a cross, or even a crucifix. They have their litanies and a rosary. They use incense and our sacred vestments. They cross themselves; they have the holy water; they bend the knees before what they call the Most Holy Sacrament. Their priests are completely shaven, they dress like ours, and even now they assume the collar; so that you must know them to distinguish them from ours. They say Mass (after their fashion) and recite (*si sic est*) the canonical hours. They observe most strictly the feasts of the saints, and they speak with great remorse of Lent, of the vigils, and of the *quattro tempora*, only that here the Ritualistic bark is shipwrecked on the rock of fasting, which is certainly mentioned at the commencement of the ritual or prayer-book; but there is a fatal obstacle to it in the gastric juice of the English stomach. Accordingly, they fast very fully and mentally. They have even their Sisters of Charity and monks." Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the Catholics look with hope, and the true Protestants with anxiety upon present tendencies in one portion of the Church of England.

# Editorial.

## The Canadian Independent.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1874.

### HENRY WARD BEECHER.

This earnest Christian, eloquent preacher, and leader in religious thought, has just been subjected to another dirty, dastardly attack by his would-be accuser and defamer, Theodore Tilton, renowned for his degrading doctrines of free-love, biographer of Mrs. Woodhull, and would-be destroyer of the reputation of the first preacher of the age.

The origin and nature of these scandals, which were first promulgated by the Claffin-Woodhull paper, and gleefully re-echoed by all the vile journals throughout the land, need not be dwelt on further than to say, that the infamous statements there made are denied even by Tilton himself. After all this had occurred, the three parties who were reported to be chiefly interested, of whom Tilton was one, signed a document distinctly declaring that mutual explanations had taken place, good-will prevailed, and that nothing was known in regard to Henry Ward Beecher to injure his character as a minister of the Gospel. Afterwards, this man, as if possessed with an evil spirit, sought to thrust himself before Plymouth Church, and upon the Brooklyn Council, to establish charges which he had previously denied, and he was rightly repelled by all parties. Public confidence in Henry Ward Beecher

was unshaken, and these echoes were speedily lost in the oblivion of the brief past, when the haunting ghost of this evil spirit is once more raised, and its voice heard.

Ostracised from good society, and feeling, in a measure, the weight of odium he has incurred, he once more makes vague and indefinite charges of attempted wrongs, which are denied by his wife—publishing in connection therewith what purports to be an extract from a letter written by Mr. Beecher in apology to him, for something which is not stated therein. Now, as heretofore, Mr. Beecher and his church maintain silence, treating these things with apparent indifference.

We are not at all astonished at this scandal. It is not the first, and unfortunately it will not be the last time that good men and true have been and will be thus assailed. Even Dr. Wardlaw's character was attacked in like manner. But we are astonished that the Christian press, and ministers and members throughout the land, do not show to a greater extent the principles of Christian brotherhood, and, with one heart and voice, declare against such satanic attempts to ruin one of the greatest and best in the Christian ministry. Why this clamour we hear about investigation and vindication? Must any man and every man at the will of the low and self-degraded go down into their arena, and defend their characters from such vile assaults?

Even Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the Sinner's Friend and the World's Saviour, was charged with being a wine-bibber and a glutton—a friend of publicans and sinners. Did He leave His holy work for self-vindication and defence? Did He not defy public opinion, and suffer the woman who was a sinner to anoint His feet, and wash them with her tears, and wipe them with her hair; and did he not call her daughter, and say, thy sins are forgiven thee? Was He not the only one who, when the woman found in sin was brought to Him, was left alone in her presence, as the others with guilty hearts went out without casting any stones; and did He not say, "Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more?" Is not the Son of God an example to us, in regard to the way we vindicate our character by a holy life, and brave public opinion—even of God's own chosen though peculiar people—when circumstances call for such a course?

In regard to Mr. Beecher's case, it is altogether probable that if there is anything to know, the members of Plymouth Church are aware of the facts; and can intelligent Christian people for a moment entertain the thought that they are all sinfully banded together to screen the guilty and encourage crime, when the one charged with immorality is their pastor? Henry Ward Beecher, too, ought to be sufficiently well known as one who loves God and his fellow men to such an extent that he would perish sooner than have dishonour brought upon God's cause, and ruin to immortal souls. For our part we say unhesitatingly that our confidence in Henry Ward Beecher is not

shaken one whit, and we believe this will be found to be the case with the whole Christian church.

### A PILGRIMAGE.

Congregational Pilgrims have not yet been heard of in this age of pilgrimage revival. Why not, when they were the first to inaugurate a pilgrimage to this continent? We all know that many Congregationalists, clerical and lay, are now roving here and there in pursuit of rest, recreation, and improvement. Why should they not organize themselves into bands, and make excursions to near or remote places of pleasure and interest? A colony including parsons, deacons, and people, might go into the country, or on a camping expedition, or on a fishing excursion, or to the sea side, with much more pleasure and profit ensured, than if they went alone in different ways, doomed to herd among strangers. Or a company of pilgrims might charter one or more palace cars to cross to the Pacific coast, visiting on their way, not the shrines of the saints, but the veritable saints of Salt Lake city, and the wonders of God's works—grander than any piles erected by man—the Yo Semite valley, &c., &c. Though we claim no mother Mary, and consequently feel no interest in places dedicated to her as such, who would not like to form one of a crowd of pilgrims to visit mother England, land of historic memories, and rich in stores of antiquities. Dissenters though we are, who would dissent to the proposal to visit Rome and the Vatican, and even the Holy Father himself, especially as visitors are excused from kneeling in his presence, and kissing his great toe.

We are confident that if some leading layman would take this matter up, he would, with due notice given, soon succeed in organizing—if not a devout—a diligent band of pilgrims, ready for a pilgrimage. With the net-work of organized excursion trips which cover the world, the work should not be difficult. Sure we are, that the pleasure and profit in visiting thus together, scenes of natural grandeur or of historic interest would be greatly increased.

DR. WILKES has been urged to remain in England until after the 12th October, in order to preach the annual sermon before the Congregational Union, which is to meet in Huddersfield at that time. It has also been urged that a special opportunity would be given him to advocate the claims of the College, and our Home Missionary Society. Under the circumstances, he has not felt free to decline the honour extended to him, and to the brethren in Canada whom he represents. Though he will not be present at the beginning of the College session, arrangements have been made whereby the college work will be carried on during the interim.

CONGREGATIONALISM in Missouri, according to the statement of a Presbyterian minister in St. Louis, has made such progress during the past fifteen years, that it is indicated as an "Ecclesiastical Phenomenon." He says:—

"In the year 1859, there was within our entire territory of 57,000 square miles, just one Congregational church. How is it to-day, after the lapse of only fifteen years? There are in our State sixty-nine Congregational churches, with fifty-two ministers, comprising an aggregate of over three thousand members, with five thousand children in their Sunday-schools. And these are distributed with a

good degree of evenness over the entire area of the country. The Congregationalists have also founded and strongly established two collegiate institutions, very suitably located."

BUNYAN'S two hundredth anniversary of escape from Bedford Gaol, was a great day in England. The Duke of Bedford has erected a statue, the Dean of Westminster has assisted in its unveiling, and the London *Times* has devoted a column of eulogy to a once-hated and persecuted tinker and preacher, who was a noble Christian, and the greatest of English allegorists. What a wonder-worker time is!—how the world of mind moves! Dean Stanley's address at the banquet, which followed, was long, elaborate, and eloquent; but that delivered on the unveiling by Lady Augusta Stanley we give entire:—

"The Mayor has done his work on this day, the Duke of Bedford has done his work, the sculptor and the artist have done theirs, and now I ask you to do your work in commemorating John Bunyan, and that is—every one of you who has not read the "Pilgrim's Progress," if there be any such present, read it without delay [hear, hear]; those who have read the "Pilgrim's Progress" a hundred times, read it again for the hundred-and-first time, and follow out in your lives the lesson which "Pilgrim's Progress" teaches you; and then you will all of you be better monuments of John Bunyan, even than this magnificent statue which the Duke of Bedford has given to you."

THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW for Ontario came into force on the first day of last month. Now marriage certificates may be secured in place of licenses, for the small sum of \$2, and ever this may be saved by one publication of the banns by the officiating minister. Thus the members of the Ontario Government, by legislation, seek to encourage the happiest of all human estates known in this world.



As our calling is not to legislate, but to preach, we would say to the young men and women of our land—marry; marry young—marry well. Ask your Divine Father's guidance in selecting your companion for life. Seek that companion, not amid scenes of folly and frivolity, but among the devout frequenters of God's house. Be content to begin life in an humble way, not as your parents can live now, but rather as they began. Live with Christ in the home, and the Divine Spirit in the heart, and we will ensure you happiness, however humble the abode or plain the fare. When God created Adam, He said, "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him;" and He made a woman, and brought her unto the man. From that day to this, God has not contradicted that statement, neither has He ceased to make helpmeets for men. Many are the blessings of His word on this estate; innumerable are the benedictions of His providence.

THE VICTORIA CONGREGATIONAL UNION, Australia, held its semi-annual meeting in Melbourne last April, and news of the proceedings have only just now reached us. A spirit of great unity prevailed. The business sessions occupied the afternoons and evenings, leaving the mornings unengaged. The question of lay agency has, like Ginx's Baby, been handed from committee to committee during the past 10 years, and is now committed to the tender care of the Union Executive Committee, to ascertain who in the churches are willing and competent to conduct evangelistic services. The College, Provident Fund, and

Building Society were all reported on. In connection with the latter, F. J. Shargood pledged £250 towards £1,000, if the balance was raised. Where is the Canadian Congregationalist who will do likewise? Give us his name, and we will send it to our churches, to the United States, to England, to Australia—yea, round the world.

THE DUNKARDS are in difficulty. It may not be known to all, that the Dunkards or Tunkards, are an ascetic branch of Baptists, who originated in Germany in 1708, and exist in considerable numbers in the United States. Among other usages, they greet each other with an holy kiss. During a recent conference, held at Girard, Ill., difficulties were discussed in connection with this custom. It has ever been an order of the church to wear a full beard, but never to conform to the world by any fashionable style; hence to wear a moustache without a beard would be to incur discipline. It is now ordered that the brethren trim their moustaches shorter than the lip, that the mouth might be clean to receive the kiss of brotherly love. But, worse than this, the irrepressible negro has found his way into their communion, and members of the Virginia churches demur to kissing them. The matter was got over by suffering each church to settle this matter for itself. And here we see Congregational principles prevailing—an item for a future chairman's address.

MR. JOHN C. EDGAR, who served in the Crimean War, and was one of the immortal six hundred who made the charge

at Balaklava—receiving a wound at the time, is now a student at Andover Theological College, preparing himself for a greater and more glorious warfare.

THE AMERICAN Catholic Pilgrims seemed to have a jolly time of it from all accounts. A gentleman who went out on the "Pereire," sends a graphic description to the *Tribune* of the voyage over, from which the following is taken :

"While I would not convey the idea that undue levity is indulged in, I must say that the American Pilgrims are as merry a band of pleasure-seekers as I have happened to encounter anywhere, engaging during the voyage in many innocent amusements, and dwelling together in peace and good humor,—which I consider very remarkable.

Prayers are said frequently every day, but there is plenty of fun between times. There have been concerts and games, in which the Pilgrims have joined. "The only comic song was by a priest, and very comically was it done too." Sometimes it has been necessary for the worshippers to overflow from the second cabin into the main cabin, and then the fun and the prayers seem to have gone along together very smoothly.

On last Sabbath night, for instance, Father Dealy and the ladies among the Pilgrims, counted their beads and recited the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin at one table, while several French ladies and gentlemen played cards at the adjoining one; two New Yorkers indulged in dominoes; several Spaniards played keno, while Mademoiselle de Moisset sang the Jewel Song from Faust at the other end of the cabin. Devotion under these circumstances would appear a matter of vain effort; but the Pilgrims have the happy faculty of shutting themselves in from outside interference."

THE MEMORIAL HALL, built in London by the Congregational Denomination, is elaborately described by the London *Times*, from which the following facts have been taken. It stands on a portion of ground which was occupied by the old Fleet Prison, where some of the earliest Martyrs of Independency were confined, several of whom were led forth to the

scaffold 200 years ago, not for crimes, but for conscience' sake. The building contains an auditorium holding 1,200, a library accommodating 300, a Board-room and twenty-five offices to accommodate the different societies of the denomination. Exclusive of the site and furniture, the building cost about \$150,000.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its eightieth annual meeting on the 14th of May. Exeter Hall was crowded, and great numbers had to go away unable to find admittance. The Lord Mayor presided. The Rev. Dr. Raleigh made the speech of the day, and we wish we had room to copy it in *extenso*. Dean Stanley and Sir Bartle Frere were also among the speakers. The latter voluntarily came forward and gave a most earnest and eloquent tribute to the Society, gathered from his own observations and personal experiences in various parts of the world. In conclusion he said :

"I only tell you what within the last eleven or twelve months I have myself seen, and it is only what accords with all that I have heard from others. I have seen something of the work in India. It was not so much in Western India, but I had an opportunity of seeing what Dr. Mullens and the late Mrs. Mullens did in Bengal, and I can testify that what I saw in Madagascar is in no single instance to be seen in the world. You have others here who, if they would only say what they knew, if they would only speak of their own work, could tell you what has been done in Africa. And as I am closing, let me say that I feel great thankfulness to God that I have been allowed to speak to you this day of what I have been privileged to see of the work of this society, and to hear the words of my friend here—as I trust he will allow me to call him—and to know that there is in such a large mass of my fellow-countrymen such an entire union of faith with the most spiritual part of Christ's Church in every part of the world." (Applause.)

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION held their Annual International Convocation at Dayton, Ohio, on the 25th of June. The number of associations reporting was 470, larger than ever before by 30 or 40. The buildings owned number 48, and are valued at \$2,000,000. Those having building funds are 56, to the amount of \$574,000. The local reports showed encouraging growth. The State committees were never so active as during the past year.

JOSEPH ADDISON JACKSON, deacon of the Congregational Church at Brome, P. Q., died on the 5th July, aged sixty-four. He was son of the Rev. John Jackson, M.A., who graduated at Dartmouth College in 1783, and in 1810 came from Massachusetts to the Eastern Townships, one of the earliest ministers of the Congregational denomination, and who, with his family, were instru-

mental in establishing the church at Brome. For many years Mr. Jackson showed, by his life and labours, his devout love for Christ, and earnest zeal for His Church. After a long and painful illness which he bore with resignation, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, on Sunday, July the 5th, and entered into his eternal rest. "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." The following is from the *Cowansville Observer*, July 10th :—

"Died at Brome Corner, on Sunday, July 5th, after a long and painful illness, borne with remarkable patience and Christian cheerfulness, J. Addison Jackson, Esq., aged 64 years. The funeral services were held in the Congregational church, on the 7th inst., and attended by a vast concourse of relatives and friends from the neighborhood and surrounding townships, who thus manifested their respect for the memory of one who was one of the dearest of relatives, the kindest of friends, and as sincere and generous a Christian as he was quiet and unassuming in his manner. For several years, he faithfully discharged the duties of deacon of the Congregational church, and his loss seems to be irreparable."

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## News of the Churches.

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STOUFFVILLE.—The corner stone of a new Congregational Church was laid in this place on Dominion Day. The site is one of the best in the town—on corner lot, with ample room in rear for sheds, &c. A large number of visitors from Toronto were present, and took part in the proceedings. After singing and devotional exercises, the stone was duly laid by Mr. Geo. Hague, of Toronto, who in the course of his remarks called attention to the article in *THE GLOBE* to-day, entitled "Dominion Day," and vouched for its correctness. The enterprise they were engaged in, testified to the correct-

ness of the statement that "Canadians every day are showing more unmistakably what they think of religion, by what they are ready to do for its support and propagation." A handsome trowel was donated by Mr. Robinson, of "Sheffield House," Toronto; and Mr. E. Beckett kindly offered to provide all the sash weights required for the new building. After the ceremony was over, the audience were conducted to a beautiful grove in the suburbs, where dinner was spread by the ladies of the church. About 400 sat down and enjoyed the good things set before them. Everything was in good

taste, and very well served. Soon after dinner the meeting was called to order by Rev. B. W. Day, pastor of the church. A comfortable stand had been erected for the choir and speakers, and short addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Jackson and Dickson, of Toronto, Messrs. W. Anderson, George Hague, and H. J. Clarke, of the same place, Rev. Mr. Bulman, of Markham, and Rev. Messrs. Moore and Goodman, of Stouffville. The choir sang several excellent selections. A project was started to raise the basement story of the new church several feet higher than was originally designed, and a subscription list opened to defray the cost of the same, to which a considerable amount was given. The weather was delightful, and the whole of the proceedings passed off with perfect harmony and satisfaction. Messrs. Smith and Gemmell are the architects for the new building, which is expected to be completed before the end of the year.—*Globe, July 3rd.*

**THE LATE REV. JAMES PORTER.**—The monument just raised by the Public School Teachers of this city to the memory of the deceased, speaks well for the high estimation in which he was held by them. It is in Scotch granite, of the obeliscal form, and stands some ten feet high. The principal front bears the following inscription:—"In memory of the Rev. James Porter, the faithful and efficient Inspector of the Public Schools of Toronto, who died April 18th, 1874, in the 62nd year of his age." The right:—"Erected by the P. S. Teachers, Toronto, as a tribute to sterling worth, 1874." The left:—"The Memory of the Just is Blessed." The family of the deceased, having been conveyed to the Necropolis, were there met by the managing committee, who, in a few suitable remarks expressive of their sympathy, conveyed to them this durable memorial of their respect for the departed. The sacred mound, which holds all that is mortal of

their late friend, was profusely spread with flowers, by the kind thoughtfulness of the ladies on the committee. The monument was procured at the marble works of Mr. Steiner, of this city.—*Globe, July 6.*

**COWANSVILLE.**—The repairs to the Congregational Church are being pushed forward. The steps in front have been rebuilt, the gallery has been enlarged to double its former dimensions, and pews are to be placed in it, while, we are informed, the choir are to be moved down stairs. We will give the particulars more fully when the repairs are completed.—*Observer.*

**BRANTFORD.**—The Rev. John Wood, Editor and Missionary Superintendent elect, has resigned the charge of his church at Brantford, to take effect 1st September, when he will enter upon the duties of his new office.

**GARAFRAXA.**—On the 3rd ult., the members of the church and congregation of the first Congregational Church at Garafraza, presented their pastor, the Rev. E. Barker, with over \$52, towards the purchase of a conveyance.

**ZION CHURCH, TORONTO.**—At the July communion, twenty-two new members were received into the fellowship of the Church, all but one on profession.

**WINDSOR.**—A few evening ago, Mr. McIntosh's friends in Windsor, P. Q., presented to him a copy of the latest Edition of "Smith's Bible Dictionary," in four volumes, published at \$40.00, as a token of their appreciation and respect. That is the way to uphold the *mind* as well as the hands of a preacher.—*Com.*

# Official.

The Treasurer of the Congregational College of B. N. A. begs to acknowledge the following subscriptions to College for 1873 :—

## QUEBEC.

William Cream.....	\$20 00
W. C. Richardson.....	10 00
H. D. Powis.....	10 00
Miss Bean.....	2 00
Mrs. Fitch.....	1 00
	————
	\$43 00

The Treasurer begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions to the C. C. Missionary Society for 1873 :

William Cream.....	\$10 00
W. C. Richardson.....	5 00
	————
	\$15 00

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF N. S. AND N. B.—The next annual meeting of the Union will be held in Sheffield, N. B., on Friday, the 11th of September, 1874, commencing at 7 p. m.

Ministers and delegates purposing to attend will kindly notify the Rev. W. Williams, Sheffield, N. B., at earliest convenience.

The usual arrangements are being made with the routes of travel for *one fare* tickets.

A. MCGREGOR,  
*Secretary.*

Yarmouth, 15th July, 1874.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.—(1) The session of 1874-5 will be opened with the usual public service in Zion Church, on Wednesday, September 23rd. The Address will be delivered by the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, LL.B.

(2) The Matriculation Examination in McGill University will begin on Tuesday, September 14th, at 9 a.m. Approved candidates for the full course are required to present themselves at the same.

(3) Candidates for admission into the College are requested to forward to the Secretary, at as early a date as possible, their applications, that there may be ample time for necessary correspondence previous to the opening of the Session.

(4) The examination for the Prizes now offered for competition to the students of the College, will begin on October 1st. All essays must be forwarded to the Secretary on or before that date.

GEORGE CORNISH, LL.D.,  
*Secretary.*

MONTREAL, June 22nd, 1874.

## Correspondence.

ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND,  
June 23, 1874.

I should like to tell, in a few simple words, of the revival work which is going on in Aberdeen. This work has not by any means begun with the coming of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. During the week of prayer, at the New Year, the meetings were so large, and the interest so deep, that it was resolved to continue the afternoon prayer meeting. This was done from week to week,

till at last it became an expected thing, and no one thought of asking, "Will it be continued next week!" This meeting has been conducted alternately by ministers of different denominations. And the oneness displayed by all those ministers has, perhaps, been one of the most beautiful results of the work.

Early in the spring two evangelists, Messrs. Stewart and Daniels, came from the South. All their meetings were constantly attended by large numbers, and

many profess to have been brought to Jesus through the means used then. Other evangelists followed those above-mentioned. The town ministers also kept up regular evangelistic meetings in the large Music Hall, from Sabbath to Sabbath.

So there was no *idle* waiting for the coming of the two who had been so useful in the Southern cities, and who began their work here on Sabbath, June 14th. The first meeting was for Christian workers, who were admitted by ticket.

The meeting was at 9 A.M., and long before the hour the large hall was packed in every part.

Mr. Moody delivered a very impressive address, urging upon his hearers more devotedness to their work, and a closer walk with the dear Master whom they served. Among other hymns, Mr. Sankey sang that most touching hymn, "Nothing but Leaves."

On Sabbath afternoon an immense meeting was held on the Links. An old gentleman described this meeting as one of the grandest sights he had ever seen in Aberdeen. He said there must have been far more than 12,000 people present. Any one who knows Aberdeen can picture the broad hill and the flat links at the foot covered with people, and all listening earnestly. Mr. Moody was well heard by most—Mr. Sankey distinctly by all.

There was another large meeting in the Music Hall, which was literally crammed. Besides this, "The West," this beautiful sanctuary, as Mr. Sankey called it one night, was crowded, and addresses were delivered by several of the town ministers and others.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of the services through the week. There have been three meetings daily—the noon-day prayer-meeting; Mr. Moody's Bible-Readings at 3 P.M.; and the Gospel meeting at 8 P.M.

I had almost forgotten the meeting for men, which is held nightly in one of the Free Churches.

I was very much struck with the *appearance* of the audience at the Bible-Reading one day last week. The church was crowded, and there sat side by side, ladies of the highest and most fashionable circles and fish-women, the latter

easily known as such by the peculiar shape and make of their muslin caps.

Last Sabbath the meetings were similar to those of the first day of the work.

On Monday, 22nd, Mr. Moody went out to Peterhead, where he held five meetings during the day.

To-day (Tuesday) the mid-day meeting, held in Belmont Street Congregational Church, was crowded to overflowing. Mr. Moody gave a fine address on Mark v., and others followed by remarks prompted by the address.

I will say nothing of the speaking and manner of Mr. M., partly because I have no right to set myself up as a critic, partly because Mr. Moody has begged all his hearers to go away saying, "Well, what do you think of Jesus and the things of Jesus now?" Not, "What do you think of Moody?" This I will say—in all Mr. Moody says, there is a complete absence of self-glorification—he seems constantly to put all thought of himself away. There is also the utmost quiet in the meetings—no excitement—but at times the solemnity is intense.

As to results, little can be said as yet. One thing is noticeable, the willingness, and even eagerness, with which people now speak of the things of God. Young ladies, in calling on one another, fall at once into such conversation; not in any forward, boastful way, but as if such things were now the most precious to them.

O may this continue, and spread far and near. May the shower of blessing fall yet more copiously over this land, and may our dearly beloved Canada share largely in the blessing from on high.

That young man Moody has a marvellous power. Last night I was at the Gospel-meeting for the first time. The hall was packed—about 3,000 present—and all sat in eager silence, listening to a simple address on the "Compassion of Jesus." At the close, the men and lads all went to Trinity (Free) Church; then Mr. Moody gathered the women and girls—all ages, all classes—close to the orchestra. He then said, "Now I want to ask you one little simple question. Can you all say, 'Jesus has washed my sins away.' Will those who can just get up and sing together, 'O happy day!'" Then he came down,

and while we sang, he slipped quietly about whispering a few words to each of the little groups of those who sat still. And it seemed then the easiest thing for those who loved Jesus, to lay the hand on the shoulder of one of the sisters sitting, and speak a word for Jesus. Mr. Moody said to us, "I would not for anything have asked you this question before the large meeting, but here we are private." And really it seemed as if we were at home, and Mr. Moody a dear young brother. I have been at but few of the meetings, but I thank God he took me there last night. I never attended such a meeting in my life—so solemn, but without a trace of excitement.

N. E. D.

### LABRADOR MISSION.

I have already written this spring, and sent by a vessel which happened to anchor in the harbour near us. As this, however, may have failed to reach you, I will write again briefly and send it by the Quebec schooner, which we are expecting now very soon. We have spent a very pleasant winter on the whole. The weather has not been so severe as on some former years. Thirty below zero was the coldest weather we had, but this was not felt on account of the calm weather. We had no severe snow storms, and the depth of snow was not nearly so great as last year. Miss Brodie has been quite well, and able to attend to the school and household duties with very little interruption. My own health has also been quite good. We have found many things to encourage us in our work this winter. The people seem to appreciate the missions more fully than formerly, and to be more willing to make some sacrifice for the comfort of the missionaries, and to carry on the necessary out-of-door work. Their attendance at the various religious services has been good, and their readiness to take part in the exercises of the prayer meeting is gratifying. While there has not been the marked religious interest we would have been glad to see, I think that some have been deeply thoughtful at times. Two have been admitted to our little church, and have

walked consistently. Our communion seasons have been much enjoyed. The settlement has been small this winter, but there are families who expect to move in next year. The absence of any winter labour for the past few years has had the effect to lead some to build in other places, but we hope to have them back again.

I received a letter from Mr. Robinson, by the winter mail of the Hudson's Bay Company. He says it is not probable that he will come down this summer. I am sorry, for there are many things he could do which I cannot; still, as it would be an additional expense to the mission, and his stay so short, I can manage to do without him. He says also, that no carpenter is to be sent. I don't think that it is necessary that one should be sent. It seems to me that the work can be done as well, and, certainly, more cheaply than by one sent down. I will state briefly what it seems best to do with regard to the removal and rebuilding of mission-houses, &c. We have removed the wing of the Cariboo Mission House to Bonne Esperance. The ice broke up so early that we were obliged to take it to pieces and move by boat. It cannot be put together now in season to make it comfortable for the summer, so we are to live in Mr. Whiteley's old house at Bonne Esperance, which he is just on the point of vacating for his new one. This will be used for chapel and dwelling-house this summer, though it is not large. In the fall, my plan is to get one of the young men on the coast, who is quite a tolerable carpenter, to undertake a new building. We can get lumber for the frame up one of the rivers in Mr. Whiteley's schooner, and with the boards from the old Cariboo house, a good dwelling-house can be put up, habitable for next summer, then the following fall we can undertake a chapel in the same way. The people from the river, in their odd leisure hours, could go and assist in the work, and Mr. Whiteley, with his men, would do a good deal towards it. The head carpenter himself would have to be paid for his work, but that done by the people, would, of course, be freely given. He would probably charge a dollar per day.

This, it seems to me, would be the easiest, speediest, and cheapest way of getting the new building done; so that if the ladies of the committee think that money could be raised sufficient for carrying on the work, in addition to the other expenses of the mission, I should be glad to know of it as soon as possible.

It is possible that Miss Brodie may decide to return to Montreal next fall. She speaks sometimes as if she could hardly bear the labour of another winter. As yet, however, she has come to no decision on the subject. I have been thinking, that if she finds it advisable to leave, it might be well to ask Miss Baylis to come down for the next season. I feel myself that, to attempt to carry on both preaching and school-teaching, would be very difficult—impossible, in fact, to do both as they ought to be done. But we cannot form any definite plans until we see what the summer may bring forth. It is possible I may run up for a few weeks in August, returning in September. I look upon it as of the greatest importance that the mission should be sustained. I thought so last fall, and am more strongly convinced of it now. Roman Catholic influence has been gaining ground on the coast within a few years past, and some of our people were being strongly influenced.

The English Church minister has removed to Mutton Bay, 100 miles west of here. I had a call from him this spring, and was much pleased with him.

I should like to hear from you as soon as possible. If a letter is written immediately, and sent to the care of W. H. Jeffery & Co., Quebec, it will reach me by the midsummer vessel.

With kindest regards to Dr. Wilkes, and to the ladies of the Committee,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

S. K. BUTLER.

Esquimaux River Mission,

May 23rd, 1874.

P. S.—June 6th.—We have just moved out to our summer-house. We

came out pleasantly and quickly, and are now looking hourly for the arrival of Captain Blais, and our spring letters.

S. K. B.

### FOREIGN MISSION:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your magazine to make a brief report of my missionary tour among our western churches. Some information about what has been done is due those who advised and then planned this round of visits, as well as those who in their homes, and in their churches so kindly aided in making it an accomplished fact. Everywhere ministers and people have testified to the need of some such means of awakening among them interest in the great work of Foreign Missions, and have expressed their pleasure in seeing an effort made with a view of meeting this want. I have addressed meetings in Guelph, Hamilton, Berford, Scotland, Brantford, and Paris; Embro, Forrest, Warwick, London, and Frome; Stratford, Garafraxa, Douglas, Eramosa, and Fergus; Georgetown, Kingston, and lastly Brockville.

Even though I should be prevented from doing anything directly in behalf of this work to which I have given myself, I believe God will accept and bless this present offering, causing the fruit thereof to appear in the days to come.

Let me herereturn my warmest thanks to all who have so generously helped me in carrying out a long-cherished wish. I am specially indebted to Rev. John Wood, of Brantford, for outlining for me this tour, and then making arrangements with the different churches for my coming to them.

May the Master Himself enrich our people with His own spirit of love, making us more anxious to minister to others than to be ministered to.

Yours very truly,

C. H. BROOKS.

Lenonville, P.Q.,  
July 15th, 1874.



# Home and School.

## LAI D AT REST.

Westminster Abbey, April 18th, 1874.

Laid among kings ! To be a king is duly  
To do great things that else are left un-  
done !

His life was one such deed ; then reigned  
he truly ?  
Yes, for he knit the hearts of men in one.

Laid among poets ! Was he then a poet ?  
Had he the vision and the gift divine ?  
Yea, one of those who see the unseen, and  
show it. —  
Those who behold Truth's far-off fountains  
shine.

Laid among heroes ! All unquestioned wear-  
ing  
The title—won by all that wins the name,  
Laid among heroes ; for his ensign, bearing  
The lion's tooth marks on his wasted  
frame.

The lion's tooth mark ; this was but the to-  
ken  
He passed through dangers of which  
death was least ;  
Sickness and pain, and loneliness unbroken,  
Terrors of savage men and savage beast.

Seeking the secret of the ancient river,  
Of which the flaming desert keeps the key,  
He strove man's souls from error to deliver,  
To break their every chain and set them  
free.

Dying he journeyed ; dead, strange people  
carried  
Him they had loved a thousand miles,  
that we  
Might lay him here—long hath his funeral  
tarried,  
Through all the seasons round, by land  
and sea.

Journeying he died ; his very dust has trav-  
elled  
Further than erst the foot of man had  
trod ;  
But now he rests, his secret all unravelled,  
His journey ended, and his home with  
God.  
—*Isa. Craig-Knox in Macmillan for June.*

## THE BETTER PART.

Luke x. 39.

She sat her down at Jesus' feet,  
While other forms were bustling round,  
For there alone, a calm retreat  
Far from the noisy world she found.

Of as she came, an honoured guest,  
To greet the household to Him dear—  
So oft she sought her wonted rest,  
And by His side hushed all her fear.

Her thirsty soul drank in the words  
That gently fell like evening dew ;  
The Master's hands had touched the chords,  
And to His touch they thrill'd anew.

Sweet was the task on Him to wait—  
With Him the homely meal to share,  
When passing down the village street,  
He entered in to tarry there.

But better far the sister's part—  
To nestle, child-like, in His love,  
And learn, with meek, confiding heart,  
The faith that darker day would prove.

And when those days of trial came,  
And bent her like a drooping flower,  
Ah ! why was He, the trusted one,  
So far away in sorrow's hour !

Poor child of doubt ! lift up thine head,  
He whom thou lovest draweth near—  
Whose voice shall yet awake the dead—  
Whose step is music to thine ear !

Go forth, and cheer thy sinking heart,  
And chase the shadows from thy brow ;  
Hast thou not chosen the better part,  
And sure it will not fail thee now !

T. K. HENDERSON, *Toronto.*

## DR. TYNG'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

I awoke in the early morning of the  
19th of July, 1819, with a voice that  
seemed to sound in my ear with the  
solemn appeal, "What a wasteful life  
you are leading." I answered in my  
silent conscience and heart, "I will live

so no longer." I immediately arose from my bed, and, without dressing, knelt upon the floor and gave myself, in my poor way, to a Lord whom I did not know, but by whose voice I fully believe I was called. I went down as usual to my business, but my whole mind, and purposes, and plans were changed. The world of wealth had passed out of my view; a load of sin pressed upon my heart, but I knew no outward instructor who could comprehend my wants or guide my way. Thus I groped for days without one earthly comforter.

Nearly opposite the head of the street in which we are assembled, adjoining the Tremont House, you may see a small quadrant spot of grass enclosed. It is all that remains of a large and beautiful yard, in which was then the residence of Mr. Adam Babcock, one of the leading men of Boston in that day. The whole residue of the property has been incorporated in the site of the hotel. In that court yard dwelt a retired nurse, long in the family, in rooms prepared for her. She was a venerated Christian woman, who was familiarly called, by all the branches of the family, Aunt Minot. Some of my young female connexions told her the strange news that "Stephen Tyng was out of his head in thinking and talking about religion." She was a Methodist. The family, like myself, had always been in the congregation of the Trinity Church. Her Christian home was "Bloomfield Lane Methodist Chapel." That lady was the first Christian friend I found, who knew a Saviour's love, understood a Saviour's Gospel, and could enter into my heart—having received this Gospel neither by man nor from man. With her I could talk of Jesus, and not be deemed insane.

A single month passed before, under the pressure and guidance of that Spirit by which I had been called, I left all the business of earth, and gave myself simply and wholly to my Saviour's work. I was considered insane by many in the world which looked only to its own things. I have no doubt that many of my friends really lamented over me as insane. But whether I was beside myself it was to God. I gave up all the prospect of wealth before me, and deter-

mined to preach my Saviour's Gospel. My dear father, with whom I lived, replied to my proposal of this change:—"Are you crazy? You are throwing away the most brilliant prospects of any young man in Boston." I answered: "I was never more sane in my life, sir. I cannot help it. I know that I am called to preach the Gospel. I know that there are some places between here and the Rocky Mountains for me to preach my Saviour's love. I am going until I find them." The venerated man was overwhelmed. "Well," said he, "you will spoil a first-rate merchant to make a very poor parson." "It may be so, sir, but I must go." He was spared to me for ten years after that interview, to value most highly my poor attempts, to encourage with the utmost affection my efforts in the Saviour's cause, and gain a part of his consolation in death from my grateful ministry. This was "my manner of entering in."—*Dr. Tyng's Lecture before the Boston University.*

## HOW TO BE SAVED.

BUT it may be that some will say :

"I wish I could be a Christian; I wish I knew how. I don't understand it yet."

My friends, let me see if I can make it plain. We are born of the flesh here as soon as we enter the world. God don't blame us because we are sinners, and if you are lost, it won't be because you were born sinners, but because you rejected God's remedy. I inherited sin from my father and mother. It was as natural to sin as it was to breathe. But here is a remedy, and man has spurned that remedy.

For instance, we will suppose that I have the consumption, have tried all the medicines with no avail, and I go home and settle down with the idea that I must die. There is no remedy, no hope. But a man that I have known ten years comes and says :

"Here is a remedy."

I answer, "I do not believe it."

"Well," he says, "it is a remedy."

"How is it?" I say.

"Why, twenty years ago I was given :

up to die, when some one brought me this medicine. I took it, and was cured."

"I say, "I don't believe it."

Then he calls man after man—twelve men—who tell me they were as bad as I am; they took the medicine, and were cured. The man says:

"It cost me a good deal, but I will give you the medicine; take it, and it will cure you."

I take the medicine, and, instead of using it, I dash it to the ground; I spurn the remedy, and I die. It was not because I had the consumption, but because I spurned the remedy. So, if we die, it will be because we spurn the remedy.

What did Christ do for Nicodemus, but hold up the remedy? "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." We have been bitten by a fiery serpent, and must look away to Christ. The more we look at ourselves, the worse it will be; we must take God's remedy.

In the old Jewish camp, there is a mother watching over her boy, twenty years old. He is dying—death is near him; a few minutes more, and all will be over; one foot is already in the grave. Just then a man comes running to camp, and brings news from heaven. He says a messenger from heaven, sent by God, says:

"Tell Moses to make a brass serpent, and lift it up, so that all who look at it shall not die, but live."

The messenger comes and tells the mother that this message has come from heaven, and that Moses has made a brazen serpent, and put it on a pole, and that all the boy has to do is to look and live.

The mother says, "My son, good news."

"What is it, mother?"

"Why, God has provided a remedy. All you have to do is to look and live."

"Look at what?"

"A brazen serpent. God has told Moses to lift up a brass serpent, and that all that look shall live."

And the dying son opens his eyes,

and looks at the serpent, and lo, he is well!

This conversion is instantaneous; it is not gradual work. Look and live!

But right along, close to this young man, is another young man. He, too, is in the jaws of death; the cold, damp sweat is upon him; angels will soon take and bear him to the bar of God. Just then this young man comes and tells him he was just as bad, and he has been saved.

"Look at the serpent and live."

"Why, it is so ridiculous," he says, "looking at that old brass serpent is not going to save me! What good is going to come of looking at a brass serpent?"

"But I should have been dead if I had not looked."

The sick man says, "It is ridiculous! I cannot see any good reason in it."

And he dies in unbelief, just because he would not believe.—*Moody*.

#### BONDAGE AND LIBERTY IN READING THE BIBLE.

A man starts for his business, and gets as far as the door; and his wife calls out to him, "My dear, have you forgotten prayers?" "Well," he says, "we haven't had prayers, have we? I did forget." Back he goes, and takes his Bible, and turns to the twelfth Psalm. He chooses that because it is short. Blessed be the Psalms; they are of all lengths and shapes, to meet every emergency! Having hastily gone through a perfunctory service, he starts for his business again, saying, "The devil can't catch me today; I have read my Bible."

Now, how different is that from putting an amulet around a man's neck, or from worshipping an idol? You might as well look into a cook-shop window and think you are fed, as to go to your Bible in that way and think that it is of any use to you. You have *abused* it, not used it.

I lay great stress on this liberty which belongs to men, this necessity which is laid upon them, to find that in the word of God which shall meet their case, and read it according to their personal wants. There are those who learn the Bible;

there are thousands of humble people to whom it becomes familiar; for it is a peculiarity, I think, of the word of God, that as men run under trees and get behind rocks when storms are in the sky, as they otherwise would not, so we seek a covert in the Bible when we are in trouble, as we would not at any other time.

God's word is not a house of bondage. It is not required that a man shall every morning marshal his family, and call out the roll, and grind out a ritualistic or regulation prayer, and read his Bible. God's word is a Father's house, into which you have a right to go, and speak or keep silent. You are children of God, and this provision has been made for you; but it is not to be enforced upon you, as though you were slaves. You are to avail yourselves of it according to your need. You are free in this matter.

I suppose no person ever did or ever will read the whole Bible in his life. I know there are persons who read it by letter; I hear people say that they make it a rule to read the whole Bible once a year; and I have no doubt that they skate over it once a year; but I do not think they do more than that, because it is not all for them.

Take, for instance, a great square-built, good, honest-minded, practical Yankee, who knows the quality of matter, and who knows how to put thing and thing together, and make money out of them—take such a man and put him into Solomon's Songs, and see what he will make out of these.

Take an Oriental; take a man who was born under different skies; who is of a different stock; whose ancestors have had different associations from generation to generation; whose mind-methods are different; whose growth is more by the imagination and less by the practical reason—take such a man and he will say of the Songs of Solomon, "That is the buckle of the Bible. It is that which clasps and holds together all the other books."

And so, all the way through the Bible, there are things which men who are proud, or men who are constitutionally without wisdom, cannot understand—they are mysteries to them. There are deep things for mystics in the Bible, that

people who have no mysticism are unable to see. They do not see them when they look at them. In the Bible there are things for the twilight, things for the moonlight, things for the midnight, things for the day-dawn, and things for the noontide. The Bible is filled with ineffable riches for men; and it belongs to every man to select according to his need.

The different parts of the Bible are of very different values for private reading. I think there is a great deal of the Bible that is just as necessary for the race as the spelling-book; but how long is it since you sat down to read your spelling books? You are done with them; and yet you do not disparage them, nor cry them to naught.—*Beecher's Yale Lectures.*

#### WAYS AND MEANS TO SUPPORT DIVINE WORSHIP.

God confers on man the honour and the charge of sustaining worship. With what joy and what bounty should man uphold this privilege! Concerning needful ways and means, let us seriously ask—What for? What? How? Why?

I. WHAT FOR? *What will you give to support the worship of God and the ministry of your choice?* Through these channels chiefly you learn of the love of God, and of salvation through Christ. Also, they greatly strengthen believing hearts, besides promoting piety and peace, and fostering all good agencies among men.

II. WHAT? *How much will you give?* The sacred duty to give has the highest authority: "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel." The same authority makes giving personal, liberal, and frequent: "Let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." No Christian should spend on a fancy, a foible, or a folly more than he devotes to his soul's consolation and culture; or quaff in a draught or puff in fumes, more than he spares in a week to the worship which glorifies God, and cherishes his own spiritual life.

III. HOW? *In what way will you give?* Suppose I reply: Give as seldom

as possible—avoid giving if you can. You feel instinctively that this is wrong. Pray, then, do not act thus ; but rather obey the apostolic order, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him;" i.e., store for sacred and benevolent purposes ; and when you go to God's house present a suitable part of the store—fund a grateful offering to the Lord.

IV. WHY? 1. *Why should you support the worship of your choice?* Because, if any one should, you should. Because, if you do not, no one else can be expected to do it. Because, if you do not, you cannot love your minister, or prize the gospel. Because it is not just to ask help, till you do all you can yourself. 2. *Why should you support worship by Lord's-day offerings?* Because this method was enjoined on the apostolic churches ; and succeeded so well in the Macedonian churches, that the Apostle Paul urged it anew on those of Corinth (1 Cor. iv. 17 ; xvi. 1, 2 ; 2 Cor. viii. 1-7). Because all human methods prove deficient, while this method is being extensively resumed, with fuller funds and fervour of heart. And because men's treatment of this method tests their obedience and love to Christ (2 Cor. viii. 8, 24 ; ix. 13).

Every man should devote his full share towards a liberal sufficiency, *first*, as a just claim. The Saviour forbade giving to worship what parents needed. All should help home worship well before they aid distant objects. The Saviour's gracious approval of the widow's mites should animate every one to bring a suitable gift ; and even the poor, with but one talent, to put it out to usury in the Lord's treasury.

#### HOPE THOU IN GOD.

Why should I not ? I need just such a friend. He has all power and strength, and I am very weak. I can not even think a good thought of myself. Nor do I know how to pray as I ought. If the Lord does not help my infirmities, I shall do nothing aright. But I can do all things if He will gird me with strength. I will hope in God. He has, too, all the

knowledge to understand my whole case, and all the wisdom necessary to direct everything concerning me. He makes no mistakes. He is never deceived. He is never overreached. He knows all things. He knows my weaknesses. He knows my sorrows. He knows my sincerity. And he is so wise that he takes the cunning in their own craftiness. His wisdom never fails. It is never non-plussed. I will hope in God. Then He has as much mercy and kindness as I need. His loving kindness is so great that human belief has never seen to the top or the bottom, to the length or the breadth of it. The ocean of the divine love is boundless and inexhaustible. God's love is strong. It passes the love of women. It is infinite. It produces the most amazing results. It fills all pious hearts with joy. It fills heaven with hallelujahs. I will hope in God.—*Observer.*

#### TRAINING THE YOUNG TO GIVE.

The formation of Missionary Associations in Sunday-schools is among the most hopeful of the "signs of the times," prophetic of the coming kingdom of Christ. We cannot begin too early to establish the principle, inspire the spirit, and foster the habit of self-denying benevolence. Train up a child in the way he should give, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

We have recently seen a report, presented at the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Missionary Association of the Sunday-School of the First Congregational Church, Norwalk, Connecticut, from which it appears that, beginning in weakness, it has contributed \$6,961.62, an annual average of \$331.50. For the last year their gifts were \$571.59 ; in the year 1871, they were \$727.54, including a special collection for sufferers from western fires. During the last fourteen years they have devoted \$5,662.50 to Sunday-school Missionary work at the West ; for the last three years, \$500 a year. The balance has been paid over to various charities of a Catholic or Union character.

We call special attention to the fact that these appropriations have all been made for purely benevolent purposes. While some Sunday-schools raise money

for themselves, for books, papers, &c., and even for pic-nics, this Association has only "kept back" one item of \$18.70 for the school. Nor have they sought sectarian results, as so many schools are seeking, but have given almost entirely on broad Catholic principles and for general Union objects. During the fourteen years in which they have contributed to the support of two Missionaries of the American Sunday-School Union, neither has been of their own denomination.

This school is not large, its average attendance being not far from 200. These liberal results are due largely to assiduous, systematic training. Other schools, doubtless, do nobly in the same direction. For example, it is reported that the Missionary Association in the Sunday-School of the Fourteenth Presbyterian Church, in New York, of which Mr. Frank Harris is Superintendent, has given an annual average of \$1,000 for sixteen years; and the school of the Third Presbyterian Church, of Newark., N.J., which has just celebrated its Semi-Centennial, reports \$20,000 given to charities, and five hundred members to the church. Dr. Tyng's school (St. George's) has far exceeded these, and so have others.—*Sunday School Times.*

### POOR MOLLY!

An affectionate and faithful minister in England was annoyed, on taking a new charge, by seeing a woman in the gallery invariably fall asleep as soon as the text was announced, and remain so till the bustle of the dispersing congregation aroused her. Sabbath after Sabbath, whether the weather was bright or cloudy, it was all the same; she nodded, and then roused herself, coughed, changed her position, stared wildly about—as if to open her eyes so wide that they could not be shut again—and then finally gave up the contest and settled herself comfortably to sleep. This at length reached a pass where it could be borne no longer; and finding out her name, the minister sought the sleeper in her house. He found her at the wash tub, where, she informed him, she was forced to stand for ten or twelve hours a day, after which she had to mend, and make, and cook for her fatherless boys far into the night.

Where had the resentment of God's servant fled so suddenly? Where were the words of rebuke he had all ready to pour on the sleeper's head?

"This must be a hard life for you, poor woman," he said.

"Ay, parson," she replied, "it is summat hard, to be sure; but I could e'en bear the labor o' body, if I could but keep the soul free of it. But I can not do it. The while I'm on my feet I can aye drudge on and on. But once I sit down I'm asleep in spite of myself. Sometimes I fall asleep with the bread in my mouth at my poor dinner; and ye may ha' took notice, sir, that I fall aff even in God's house! I've had many a battle with Satan about this. Says he, 'bide at home now, and take the Sabbath as what it's given for, a day o' rest.' 'But,' says I, 'my soul thirsteth, yea, even longeth for the courts of the Lord's house, and there I'll go while my limbs can carry me!' Says he, 'Ye'll disgrace the place, and vex the minister.'" Says I, 'The Searcher of hearts knows why I go; and I will still go, for there I can at least keep up the battle with ye, which I couldn't do in a sound sleep at home.'"

"Well, Molly," said the minister, "still do you come, and keep up the battle there, and we will outwit Satan between us; for what you can't get for your infirmity on Sunday, I will bring you on Monday. I will then preach a five-minute sermon to your hungry soul by the side of your tub, my poor woman; and may God give to all my hearers an equal desire to come to his courts against obstacles."

While men of God should bear with those who bear so much more with themselves, should not all our Sabbath sleepers inquire whether their excuse will avail them before God, as will that of poor Molly?

### HOW ALLIGATORS TAKE THEIR PREY.

These bone-harnessed monsters show great cunning in the capture of their prey. A naturalist, who kept watch to learn their habits, tied, at different times, a bird or a small animal to a bit of wood, and set it adrift. The alligator would approach slowly and cau-

tiously at first, making in the water not even a ripple. As quick as a flash there is a turn; down plunges the creature, curving his back, and hurling his tail around, so as to sweep his prey into his terrible jaws.

At the water's edge, the bushes are often filled with flocks of small birds. These birds know their enemy too well to allow him to take them by open attack; the alligator, therefore, resorts to a stratagem. He suddenly appears floating on the surface, lying as helpless as a log, and drifts to a considerable distance. The birds, at first scared away, return to the bush, and slake their thirst at the water's edge. All at once there is a splash; two immense jaws open, and ten or a dozen birds are victimized. The cunning reptile has slyly returned under the water. His quick eye often perceives a man or an animal in the water near the shore. He quietly dives, reaches the spot unseen, and attacks from below.

The log of wood trick is often played to induce birds to settle upon his back, which, as his body has the colour and appearance of a trunk of a tree, might easily be mistaken for the bark.

If you should listen, when near a South American river at night, you would hear the clacking of the alligator's teeth, and the lashing of his tail upon the water. The sigh of this hideous creature is said to be awful, and is heard a mile off.

Negroes capture the alligator by tying a cow's hide around the left arm, and wading into the water armed with a long knife. When the foe appears, the negro offers him his left arm, which he seizes, no doubt wondering why he cannot swallow it. His wonder is raised still more on finding a long knife piercing his throat or under jaw. Then there is a struggle; the red and muddy water boils around; but the alligator grows more and more exhausted, dies, and is drawn ashore.

Animals of the alligator kind belong to the Saurian or lizard family. Alligators have short snouts; the Gavial, of India, has jaws long and slender; while the crocodile's jaws are, in length, intermediate between these. Reptiles of this class are not to be feared on land,

as it is only in the water that their movements are sudden and formidable. There is one exception. The Varied Monitor is a species of crocodile, four or five feet long, that swims with difficulty, but runs well on land, and even climbs trees with dexterity, after the manner of a lizard.—*Young Folk's News.*

### A GOVERNOR FOUND IN A HOGS-HEAD.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning, when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him till he was wide awake, and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?"

"I slept here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in."

"How is that?" Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?"

"My father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have to take care of myself, for my mother is dead; she died not long ago." And at mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home, and look after you as well as I can."

The child thus adopted on the wharf, was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, to a classical school, and afterwards employed as a clerk in the store of his benefactor. When he became of age, his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises, I will furnish you with goods and letters of credit, so that you can start business at the West on your own account."

"What promises do you wish me to make?" enquired the young man.

First, that you will not drink intoxicating liquors of any kind."

"I agree to that."

"Second that you will not use profane speech."

"I agree to that."

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that."

The young man started business at the West, and by minding his own business, in a few years he became a rich man.

At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and accepted father. In the course of a happy interview, the philanthropist asked his adopted son if he had kept his total abstinence pledge.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes," said the man with emphasis.

"Have you had anything to do with politics?"

The visitor—the adopted son perhaps I should have said—blushed and said, "Without my consent I was nominated for Governor of my State, and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

Did ever a hogshhead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be a shelter for the little Arab who ran wild in that wilderness of marble and mortar, the great City of New York.

### GREEK ANTIQUITIES.

The *Augsburg Gazette* contains a letter from Dr. Schliemann, giving an account of the archaeological researches he made at Mycenæ towards the beginning of March. The acropolis chiefly occupied his attention. It consists of a triangular rock, rising forty metres (132 feet) above the lion gate. Towards the north and south it is almost perpendicular, but it forms six natural terraces towards the east and west—the lowest terrace yielding the most interesting results. Schliemann struck upon two well-preserved cyclopean houses, which he thinks must have been buried before the destruction of Mycenæ by the Argives (468 B.C.) Besides a great quantity of broken pottery and several magnificent vases, all of which are very ancient, he found a cow's head with two horns, a headless cow, and several fragments of cows in terra cotta, as well as a number of beautifully decorated idols. Moreover, he dug out a very singular little stone bench with four feet, two serpentine hatchets, a millstone of trachytes, three stone weights, three clay cones, a grind-

ing stone, several pieces of lead, five little cones pierced in the middle, and made of the most beautiful blue, green, and red stone, and one similar one of terra cotta. Schliemann is forced to give up his researches at Mycenæ for the present, as the Turkish Government has accepted his proposal to continue at his own expense the excavations at Troy. He is to employ 100 to 200 men, and the objects found are to go to the Museum at Constantinople. He will proceed at once to unearth the remaining third of the city. As soon as he will have completed his Trojar researches, he is authorized by the enlightened Greek Minister for Public Instruction, Valasopoulos, to excavate at Mycenæ, on condition, however, of giving up all the antiquities he may find to the Greek Museum.

### GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

A little girl of eleven entered the sitting-room one morning half an hour before it was time to start for school. She threw herself into the easy chair in the corner, put her feet out to the fire, and prepared to skim through a magazine story in her spare minutes. Presently the door opened and shut again—this time very softly, and a little, bent form, entered and advanced toward the fire. A snow-white cap covered a rift of hair almost like driven snow, and her step was slow and trembling.

Now Rosa knew she had grandma's chair, and there was no other one so comfortable in the room. But she only held her paper a little nearer to her face, and never moved. She knew grandma was very feeble; indeed, the old lady hardly felt able to come down stairs, but she did not like to make any one trouble, so she had over-exerted herself to breakfast with the family.

Though grandma stood a little while by the grate, hoping Rosa would be thoughtful enough to give her the accustomed seat, the selfish little girl sat still, and hardened her heart. For every such act of unkindness and selfishness does make the heart harder and more unfeeling.

At last grandma said, mildly, "Would



you be willing to take another seat, Rosa, and let me have that chair?"

"I want to warm my feet grandma," pouted Rosa, "before I go out in the cold to school. I shall be off in a few minutes."

She could have warmed them quite as well on the other side, but she did not feel like moving. So, with a sigh, grandma took another chair, which to her was quite uncomfortable, and waited until the little girl should be ready to go to school. Only a few minutes! It was not long to healthy, hearty Rosa, but it was long indeed to a frame that was racked with pain, and a heart that was burdened and sorrowing over a child's unkindness.

If you wish to save your heart from vain regrets when it is too late, treat with kindness the aged ones by your home firesides. If you would have the blessing of God rest upon you, love and honour and cherish tenderly your aged grandparents.—*Selected.*

### SHUT THE EYES TIGHT.

Harry had been quite sick, and was obliged to be very careful of his diet. One of the orders was that he was to eat nothing but what she gave to him.

One day little Jennie came in eating a piece of cake. O how nice it looked to the little hungry boy, who felt, as you do when you are getting better, that he wished to eat all the time. He knew if he just asked his dear, obliging little sister, she would gladly give him "the biggest half." But he didn't. He only said, "Oh, Jennie! you must run right out with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut tight, so I shan't want any."

Now that was a great triumph for a boy only seven years old. Some great boys of seventeen could not have done as well. They are far from shutting their eyes tight when temptation to taste wrong things is before them. They rather suffer their eyes to lead them straight into the mischief.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," is an excellent prayer for us all. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," and you never will be likely to fill a drunkard's grave.

So, many boys think, "What's the harm in looking?" but it is just here they are made prisoners by Satan. The "eye-gate" is one of the most important points he attacks. If he can pin your eyes very intently on some charming but forbidden object, he gets a serpent's power over you. You have heard how those dreadful snakes charm dear little birds and rabbits with their glittering eyes, until at last they drop down powerless into their terrible coils.

Do not stop even to look at temptation, but turn your face like a flint the other way. Shut the mind's eye tight as well, and God will help those who so bravely try to flee from temptation.—*Temperance Banner.*

### EARNING MONEY FOR THE CONTRIBUTION BOX.

When a collection was to be made in a Sabbath-school, some time since, it was proposed that each child who gave, should inclose his money in a slip of paper, telling in what manner it had been earned; and having been much interested in reading these little scrolls ourselves, we thought it would be as pleasant to others to see some of the many ways in which the little folks can make pennies for themselves, so as to have something to give to missions, without calling upon their parents.

On one of these papers we find, "Ten cents for reading to mother;" on another, "I earned this money by white-washing our new spring house;" on a third, "Ten cents for making bread and keeping house;" on a fourth, "I earned this by taking care of sister Maud;" on a fifth, "For keeping mother's room in order;" a sixth has, "Twenty cents for improvement in music;" a seventh, "Ten cents for not crying when I fell down steps;" an eighth, "For carrying a telegram to the office;" a ninth had, "Made twenty cents by doing what she was told, without asking why;" a tenth had been "Keeping mother's yard in order;" an eleventh had "Earned five cents by waiting on grandma;" and so on for a great many more.—*S. S. Advocate.*

## MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Mark Twain tells this story of misplaced confidence, but he got it, we believe, as a personal confession from Chaplain Trumbull: "Just about the close of that long, hard winter," said the Sunday school superintendent, "as I was wending toward my duties one brilliant Sabbath morning, I glanced down toward the levee, and there lay the *City of Hartford* steamer! No mistake about it; there she was, puffing and panting after her long pilgrimage through the ice. A glad sight? Well, I should say so! And then came a pang right away, because I should have to instruct empty benches, surc; the youngsters would all be off, welcoming the first steam-boat of the season. You can imagine how surprised I was when I opened the door, and saw half the benches full! My gratitude was free, large, and sincere. I resolved they should not find me unappreciative. I said, 'Boys, you cannot think how proud it makes me to see you here, nor what renewed assurance it gives me of your affection. I confess that I said to myself, as I came along and saw that the *City of Hartford* was in — 'No! but is she, though?' And, as quick as any flash of lightning, I stood in the presence of empty benches! I had brought them the news myself."

## "NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

THERE is a religion of sentiment. It lives in refined thought, in beauty of architecture, in pathetic harmonies. It demands a system of proprieties, a subdued tone, elegance of manner in the pulpit, and in social intercourse. It must never yield to deep emotion, nor utter itself in impassioned words. It must be calm, serene, graceful, musical. Its worship must be in a shadowy temple, under a dim religious light, amid gothic arches and cathedral aisles. It must be reminded of the distant and eternal. It feels an awe in the contemplation of mystery, and clothes God in the majesty of darkness, silence, and repose! But it has no love for God, no trust in Jesus, no joy in the doctrines and duties of discipleship, no sense of reality in its creed. It is not like the palm-tree,

giving out the oil of gladness, dropping rich fruit at the feet of the traveller, and flourishing in renewed vigour, even to old age—but like the fruitless elm, majestic and mysterious in the evening shades, impressing us more by its heavy waving foliage than by its massive trunk. Unlike the burdened pear-tree, that holds to your hands the richest of Pomona's gifts, or the humble vine that hangs out its purple clusters to the faint and weary, this mighty, majestic, and solemn tree offers us "nothing but leaves."

## A SEARCHING MINISTRY.

EVERY true preacher of the Gospel will be sure to become a spiritual detective. He may not know anything of his hearers, but in the course of his ministry he will speak as if he had entered into the very chambers of their heart, and read the secrets of their soul. There are some who do not like close dealings, though that seems to me to be the very ministry every Christian ought to prefer—a heart-searching, rein-trying ministry. To many, plain preaching is very distasteful; they want to be patted on the back, and praised, and extolled, and they like to have human nature lifted on high, and have sweet things said unto them. They are like those of old, who said unto the prophets, "Prophecy smooth things unto us;" but the genuine Gospel, whenever it comes with power, in this respect acts like a sieve, for vain and foolish people are offended at that which searches and tries them, and so they fall to the ground with the chaff, while the precious wheat, under such a ministry, remains to the glory of God.—*Mr. Spurgeon's New Work, "Flashes of Thought."*

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

THERE ought to be no sweeter hour in the day than that in which comes the morning meal and the family worship. Yet it is sorrowful to see what sometimes passes for the latter. A chapter of the Bible hurried through, a rambling stereotyped prayer mumbled over, and the participants rush off to the work which they have been meanwhile think-

ing about, and which they enjoy a great deal better. The exercise is wrapped in fog, instead of being crowned with heaven's light. It is a mistake to suppose that fluency or education are specially needed in conducting family worship. It wants a heart most of all. Let there not be a single petition that is not born of real desire—even if the prayer be not two minutes long. Blessed be the home where the spirit of song dwells, and adds its charm to the morning worship. The exercises need not be long, but they should not be crowded. Break up the formality; carry all the soul-life you have into it; and its savour shall not go through the day alone, but among all the home memories none shall be stronger to hold the grown-up children, than the faith of their fathers. *Christian Work.*

#### A SPITZBERGEN "COLD SNAP."

SAYS a writer: "No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigour of the six months' winter in Spitzbergen. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; if iron touches the skin, it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of stockings may be burned off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board, and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of a climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside."

#### SHAME.

I once saw a man mixing water and milk, and then selling it for pure milk. I did not say "Shame," however. Why, do you suppose? Because it struck me that I did not know what he was doing. Perhaps he was only rinsing out his cans. I concluded not to give the man a bad name without being sure he deserved it.

Suppose we remember this when we are inclined to find fault with some one.

#### ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

A minister sat in his study, preparing a sermon on the words, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." He thought on his theme till his soul glowed with a divine enthusiasm. He described a man as rescued from sin and death by God's infinite grace, bearing the divine image, doing a divine work, exemplifying before men and angels the elevating, purifying power of true piety, revealing to others the sources of this divine power, lighting the flame of devotion on other altars, and thus glorifying God among men. He described this, not merely as the true work of a creature loyal to the Creator, but as the noblest employment to which men or angels can attain. At last, reaching the practical application, he paused to reflect, "First of all, myself, and the work which engages me at this moment. Am I writing this sermon for the glory of God? Has any ambitious thought, any desire to win the praise of men crept in? Have I remembered Him only in whose name I speak, and the immortal souls to whom I speak; or have I hoped to hear this and that intelligent hearer say, 'that was a fine discourse?' Have I thought of my reputation? Has any inferior motive secretly taken the place of the higher? Am I doing this 'to the glory of God?'"

Thus pausing, pen in hand, with heart uplifted, he applied the touchstone to his own case, and then completed his notes. When he preached it many felt the touching power of divine truth faithfully proclaimed.

The day after the sermon those who heard were engaged in their several vocations. The legislator, dealing with important interests, which affected the welfare of a whole nation, stood up for justice and right regardless of the frowns of those whose selfish schemes he frustrated by his fidelity. "I will do it," said he, "to the glory of God." And the demagogues, whose plans were defeated by his firm adherence to the right, called him impracticable, and a fanatic; but deep down in their hearts they felt that a divine power lifted him above the reach of the sordid motives by which

they were governed, and thus God was glorified in him.

The merchant was in his store dealing with a wealthy customer who was careless of the price of things. The goods had been examined and the price named, and the transaction was terminated. All at once, as if gently whispered in his ear, the words came to the merchant, "Do all to the glory of God." "Sir," said he to the buyer, "I have made a mistake, I named the price as it was a month ago, Within a few days these goods have fallen in value. I will charge you, therefore, twenty per cent. less." And the buyer gave a glance of surprise, made a playful remark, and departed with his purchase. But, as he went his way, he walked slowly, and was thoughtful. He was saying to himself, "I wonder if it is really religion that makes some men so fair in their dealings." Thus God was glorified in him.

And over the hill, in a lonely field, a labouring man was digging a ditch. He stood in the mire, and his clothes were soiled with it. He was alone, and so he communed with his own heart. "All to the glory of God!" What can I do to glorify Him? If I had influence, I would use it for God. If I had money, I would give liberally to good causes. But I must dig this ditch, work in this mud here alone. I can do nothing 'to the glory of God.'" But he worked away steadily, industriously, and did an honest day's work. And when the farmer came to look at the field, he said to himself, "This man works as well when he is alone as when he knows that I am close at hand. I wonder if it is because he is religious that he does not need watching, like some others?" Thus even a ditch was dug "to the glory of God." Thus God was glorified in him.

And in the evening of the same day, a poor widow sat in her garret patching her boy's jacket. She, too, had heard the sermon. "Ah," said she to herself, "How gladly would I do something for the glory of God if it were in my power; but what can I do? It takes every moment of my time to work for my children, and even I can hardly get food and clothing for them. I can do nothing. I must be content to let others have this joy, and win a brighter crown than lies

within my reach." But those who saw her humble Christian life said, "How carefully this mother trains her children. How regularly she comes to church with her boy, even if he does wear a patched jacket for want of a better one. What a treasure is a Christian mother! Thus God was glorified even by poverty.—*Rev. Dr. Crane, in S. S. Times.*

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### MOHAMMEDANISM.

Mohammedanism may be gaining ground in India, but according to Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, it is losing in Turkey and Persia. Among other indications of this he mentions the fact that the great public charities of Islam, which have adorned some period of its history, have nearly all disappeared. Pilgrimages, prayer, fasting and alms-giving, are the chief works of merit. In the 15th and 16th centuries works of charity were numerous and magnificent. Schools, caravansaries, and hospitals of various kinds were built and well endowed. Lands and buildings, indestructible by fire, were placed under the care of the clergy for their support. Hardly one of them now exists. Some of the buildings were too solid to perish, but the funds are lost—"eaten up." No modern works of beneficence take their place. The age of charities, of "pious foundations," as they term them, has passed away. This is surely a sign of decadence, and one of great significance.

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Ten or twelve years ago, a Mohammedan fakir visited the Presbyterian missionary, Mr. Woodside, at Kapoor-talah, in the Punjaub, India, became convinced that Christianity was true, and taught the people of his village so, until his death, although he never was baptized. After his death, one of his disciples continued his master's teachings, presenting Christianity in the light of worldly advantage. Several of his hearers betook themselves to the nearest mission station, to be more fully instructed. Four of them have been baptized, and there is hope for a number of others.

## WATCH THE BOOKS.

How large a proportion of mothers and guardians exercise anything which can be called watchful care as to what books and papers the children shall read? And yet the booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of the most dissipating, weakening, and insidious books that can possibly be imagined; and newspapers which ought never to enter any decent house lie on the table of many a family sitting-room. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the records of any large circulating library will be astonished at the immense demand which there is for these average novels. And in our parlours and chambers to-day, myriads of little girls are curled up in corners, poring over such reading—stories of complicated modern society, the very worst kind of reading for a child; stories "whose exciting pages delight in painting the love of the sexes of each other, and its sensual phases." And the mothers do not know what they are reading; and the children answer, when asked what they read; "Oh, anything that comes along!"—*Anna C. Brackett.*

"I would not," says Mr. Beecher, "for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Library or the Lennox Library, give up the comfort which I get out of nature. There is nothing that grows—no weed, no grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in some way related to God in my thoughts; and I am never so near Him as when I am in the presence of His works—as when, night or day, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world of nature, and behind its ever changing beauty. There is no such frescoes in art as God's hand paints in the heavens. There are no such relations to God as come to us through nature. In the budding, blossoming days of spring, in the balmy days of summer, in the fruitful days of autumn, in the days of winter, in every day of the year, there is something that is a separate leaf to me in God's outside Bible, now that I have learned to read it."

## HOW TO FIND PROFIT IN BIBLE STUDY.

Any Sunday-school lesson is full of interest to that teacher who commences its study with the wish and expectation of finding good in it. "Seek and ye shall find;" "According to your faith be it unto you;" are the injunction and assurance which God gives to all His children in their pursuit of spiritual blessings. If a teacher does not want to find good in a Bible lesson, it is not likely to be thrust on him. If he begins Bible study as a dry duty, he will probably finish it in the same way. If he enters on it as a pleasant and paying work, he will find it all that he expected. "Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and the knowledge of God." It is into the open mouths of the longing ones that the mother-bird drops the food she has gathered. It is to those who want good and look for it that God gives good abundantly. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—*S. S. World.*

## FOUR GOOD RULES.

1. A suitable place for everything, and everything in its place.
2. A proper time for everything, and everything done in its time.
3. A distinct name for everything, and everything called by its name.
4. A certain use for everything, and everything put to its use.

Much time would be saved, many disputes avoided, numerous articles kept from being lost or injured, and constant confusion and disorder prevented, by the strict observance of these important rules.

Think before you speak, and think before whom you speak; think why you speak, and think what you speak.—*Amos.*